TELESCOPE

JULY

SEPTEMBER

1965

"The K.P. Telescope is published to provide the inmate with a medium of creative expression and communication, in order to cultivate a better understanding with the outside world."

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

Commissioner of Penitentiaries

A. J. MacLeod, Q.C.

PENITENTIARY SERVICE

Hazen F. Smith — Warden

H.S. Bell — Deputy Warden

R. L. Lawton

Telescope Liaison Officer

FRONT COVER

This is a view of the prison, just inside of the North Gate. The gate is to the right. The building on the left is the Classification and Reception Departments.

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STATISTICS

High Number	1952	Low Number	2157
Received During Months	128	Deaths	0
Paroles	5	Discharged by Expiration	26
Transferred	75	Escaped	0
Parole Violations	9	Total Population	803

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Logical Conclusi

Not Necessarily

W.F. HUTTON

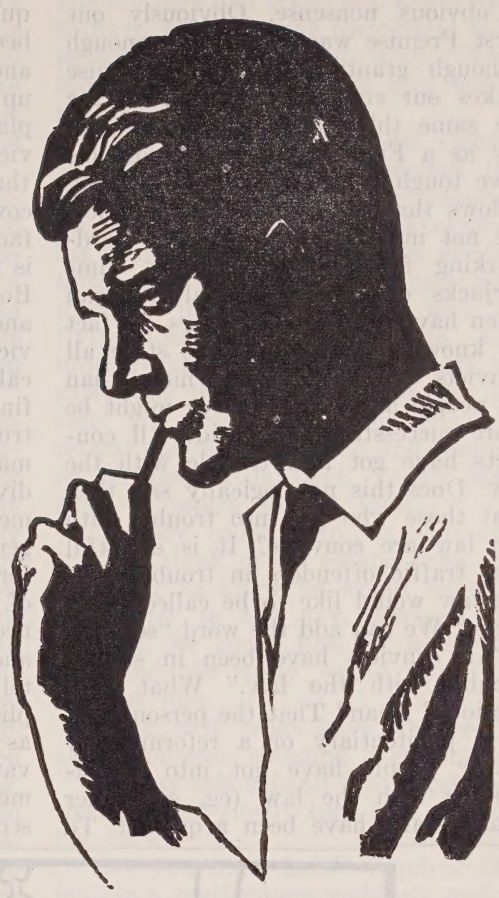
It is logical to conclude that our enemies will speak badly of us. What can we say when we find a friend doing the same? Even stranger yet, what can we say when we find out an enemy has been telling good stories about us ? Both situations are illogical, even though they may be true. Since we are often at great pains to set the logic straight, we may correct ourselves thusly: "the friend was never really a friend anyway and the enemy was a friend in disguise." This is often nonsense, even if it does repair our egos.

Logic does not lead to truth, just to logical conclusions. Logical conclusions can lead to the sheerest fantasy. Take as an example two working at a job on the street. One man is an ex-con. The other is a squarejohn. The squarejohn sees a chance one day to take a five spot out of the till. Which man will be suspected most strongly of performing the crime ? There is no question at all that the ex-con is the most logical suspect. Virtue would have it that the truth will out in the end, but unfortunately most people's endocrine glands work much better than their brains. The ex-con may end up getting more penitentiary experience.

Sociology is a worthwhile subject for study. Unfortunately there is a branch concerned with mobs or large groups. Supposedly the actions of one or two members of this group indicate the intentions of the group as a whole and individually. While this is most interesting from a mathematical point of view, it is false. Human beings are not the same as lemmings all running to the sea when the half moon rises. Unlike lemmings human beings can think individually and act individually. It is a grave error to suppose that samples from large groups are anything more than samples of the great variety of personal responses possible. They should never be regarded as typical. Besides, there is a fallacy in suggesting that actions always indicate intentions in the first place. It is a logical conclusion to suppose that when a bank robber enters a bank he is going to hold up the place. From his former actions his intentions may be so judged and he may be arrested upon entry. But there will be red-faced confusion when he produces his pass book and cash he was going to deposit in his savings account. After all, bank robbers can have reason to do something which may seem illogical for them--putting money into a bank.

ns Are

True



Sometimes we hear stories that hang so well together and fit our prejudgements so comfortable that we are loathe to let them go. Ask any of what is true and we are most likely reduced to pointing out that 2+2=4 is a true statement, but that when we are talking about people most of what we consider to be true is what we decide to consider so. In other words. it's mostly a matter of belief. Is it that we are really incapable of knowing the truth about others? Not really. How do we know 2+2=4 ? Because it can be demonstrated with four apples or four other objects at any time. People are not arranged so neatly or simply however. There is great complexity in the personal reality of another, even though we arrogantly reduce those we know into little formulas like "He is a this, he is a that he can do this, he can't do that, etc. One characteristic of our summing up is dictated by our emotional attitude towards the person to begin with: Do we like or dislike this person ? From here on in we proceed to select items from his personal display which fit our preconceived notion of his "value"(+ or-) to us. It is very easy to see why this logical procedure does not lead to truth about the other person. It is lop-sided in selection of characteristics. By forming emotional judgements before we gather facts we entertain logical error.

The main consideration in any logical structure is: How accurate is the Original Permise or First Principle? Once the Basic Thought or Feeling is laid as groundwork for a logical system of thought, everything can proceed in a most logical manner. An unquestioned and unchallenged First Premise cannot be defeated by attacking the logical superstructure however. For example, suppose we start by saying as a First Premise that: All animals which have four legs and horns are cows. It logically follows, since they each have four legs and horns, that the following are cows: deer, moose, rhinoceroses, buf-

faloes, reindeer and Billy goats. This is obvious nonsense. Obviously our First Premise wasn't accurate enough although granting the First Premise makes our conclusion logical. Trying the same thing with people, we can say as a First Premise: All convicts have tough looking faces. It logically follows that an awful lot of convicts are not in jail. People such as hard-working farmers, prizefighters, lumberjacks or even the local postman often have hard looking faces. In fact we know it is impossible to state all convicts are anything anymore than all people are anything. We might be more successful if we said: All convicts have got into trouble with the law. Does this not logically say then that those who get into trouble with the law are convicts? It is doubtful that traffic offenders in trouble with the law would like to be called "convicts." We can add the word "serious" --"All convicts have been in serious trouble with the law." What does "serious" mean? That the person went to a penitentiary or a reformatory? Many people have got into serious trouble with the law (eg. a murder charge) and have been acquitted. To our definition we must add further qualifications: "All convicts have been in serious trouble with the law and have been convicted." We end up with a most unsatisfactory "explanation" that is circular: All convicts are convicts. This says no more than the statement "All cows are cows" or "All books are books." In fact these statements are false. cow 1 is not exactly the same as Cow 4 and Book 1 is not the same as Book 25 and convict 3 is not the same as convict 82. When we have thus "logically" arrived at a satisfactory definition we find we end up with no truth worth the trouble. It still remains necessary to look at each individual on his own merits and demerits and try to form a balanced judgement of the demonstrable facts before we attach any value judgement of "good" or "bad." Perhaps we don't need the "good" or "bad" label at all and we can let the multitude of facts tell their own story without our complicity in arranging and selecting as we believe things should be. Our vaunted "objectivity" is so often merely an emotional opinion or nonsence unless we consider enough facts.

"Warden says you gotta' speak to one of 'em."

relaxed, until at last his hands loosed their convulsive grip on each other and fell to the grass at his sides. One accidentally brushed the cold metal of his battered bugle, jerked away and then returned. Thoughtfully the boy picked it up and tenderly fingered the polished brass.

His face was dirty and tear-streaked; his eyes had a sunken and haunted look; and his lips quivered uncontrollably. He felt miserable. It was a miserable night for a boy who had just recently turned 13, in the apple orchard near Plattsburg not far from Lake Champlain.

In the darkness all around him 11,000 British soldiers muttered, cursed and tossed and turned in their sleep. Not far away 1,500 men of an American land force, under Brigadier General Alexander Macomb, were strongly entrenched at Plattsburg. Now and then, above the grumbling sounds of the men, the boy heard the wind moaning through the branches of the trees. Suddenly a raindrop fell, and the sky unexpectedly began to weep.

Almost as one, the hundreds of men awoke under the sudden downpour, but within a few minutes the rain ceased as suddenly as it had begun and most of them tried to go back to sleep. Some of them swore at the Gods for causing this added discomfort; some of them knelt in prayer and thanked their gods for keeping them alive during the battle on the previous day. The boy quietly wept.

Through the murmur of the mumbling and grumbling army, he could distinctly hear three soldiers discussing the coming battle. They huddled together not too far away from where he sat. Each of them in turn revealed their innermost thoughts to the others; each of them in turn described his plans for the future when he returned home. The boy was surprised to learn that none of them thought they would die. But he knew better. He had seen both of his brothers killed the day before.

He was an orphan now — all alone. His brothers had taken him along with them to war, thinking they could take better care of him this way. They, too, had foolishly thought they would not die.

The morning before, Sir George Prevost had personally directed the attack. The boy had proudly sounded the charge, the drummers had followed his lead and pounded out an excited tattoo, and the army had courageously marched into the invisible wall of flying lead and sudden death. His brothers had valiantly fought side by side; they had violently died side by side. The British had been forced to retreat, leaving their dead and wounded on the battle field. Today they were to return to the fight.

The boy rolled onto his side and tried to think of an escape from the slaughter he knew he would have to face later in the day. Perhaps, he thought, he could just lie where he was and the army would move on without him.

"Well, well, what have we here?" asked someone standing over him.

The boy felt a hand gently grip his shoulder and slowly turn him over on his back.

"Are you hurt, lad?" inquired the man in a gentler tone, suddenly realizing that the boy was weeping.

"No, sir," he replied, "I've not been hurt."

The man, giving a small sigh of relief, released the boy's shoulder and sat down beside him. "Well," he said, "you won't mind me taking a heavy load off my feet for a moment then, and exchanging a few words with you?"

"No sir," stammered the boy as he struggled to sit up and clasp his legs again.

"Is it the coming battle that has you weeping, boy? Or is it being so far away from home?"

Tears trickled from beneath the boy's tightly closed eyelids and ran down his cheeks. For a moment he was afraid he wouldn't be able to speak

past the lump in his throat, but finally he replied, "It's my brothers sir — they both got killed yesterday."

"Ahhh," said the man, slowly shaking his great bearded head from side to side, "and what would be their names, lad ?"

"Shannon, sir — James and Daniel Shannon."

"Aye, Jamie and Danny Shannon," he said clicking his tongue in sympathy. "Aye, I knew them well, lad. Then you must be wee Bobby ?"

"Yes sir."

"You're the lad who stood on the top of the hill yesterday, in front of five hundred of the enemy and blew your bugle like Gabriel sounding judgment day ?"

"I only sounded the charge, sir," replied the boy.

"That you did, lad! That you did!" said the man as he patted the boy's shoulder. "You'll be blowing the charge this day too, won't you, lad ?"

"I don't know, sir," mumbled the boy snuffing and wiping his face with the sleeve of his tattered and dirty coat.

The man shifted a little, gently lifted the boy's chin with his hand and peered into the youngster's wide, blue eyes. The smell of sweat, tobacco, horses and leather drifted into the boy's nose. The thought struck him that this man had the same smell as his father used to have about him. He saw, too, that the man wore the insignia of a high-ranking officer.

It must be, and was, the general. "What do you mean, you don't know, son ?" he asked in a gentle tone.

"I'm scared, sir. And I don't know if I can do it," he confessed, looking directly into the officer's brown eyes.

"We're all scared, son, but fear is no reason why we all should turn away from doing our duty."

"You, sir ?"

"It's a fact. Seeing men with their heads torn apart by musket balls, their legs ripped off by grape and chain shots, and great cannon ripping a score of men's bodies to shreds is enough to put a terrible fear into every mother's son of us."

The boy snuffled again and clasped his legs a little tighter.

"And that's why I need you, son," the general went on. "Today is going to be another day of living through Hell and every man on the line knows it; and every one of them is scared 'most to death."

"But that can't be so," contradicted the boy. "Those men over there," he went on, pointing to the three who sat huddled together whispering a few feet away, "don't seem to be scared at all. They don't think they will die. I heard them making their plans for after the war. And why do you need me?" he finished, staring intently at the big man.

"Aye, their making their plans for the future, but that's their way of smothering their fear. They listen to each other talk of the future because it helps them to believe that they each have one. Underneath, all of them are as frightened as we are. Thats why I need you, son," he said, running his hand through his thick, grey hair, "You're the breath and spirit of the army. Listen to me now."

And Bobby listened as the great man spoke. If he, Bobby, didn't sound the charge today, the men would falter in the attack. They would charge and retreat as individuals, each looking for his officer to give him a personal order to advance or rest. They would *rest* forever after that—in those same ditches and in those same meadows where they momentarily faltered, their dreams and hopes blown out of their heads by deadly musket balls. All because they didn't move together as a team, a hard, solid, fighting weapon; because they weren't given the chance to respond as one to the single order of the boy's stirring bugle call.

But if he stood on the hill where all the men could see him, coldly face the enemy's rifle fire, and blow sure,

steady, clear notes through his bugle, then the men would be able to stand and charge the enemy as a single unit, as a giant weapon quickly beating the foe and saving many of their own lives which would otherwise have been lost. That's what the general needed. He gave the orders, but Bobby was the only one who could pass them on to the men; he was the only person who could command all of the men at precisely the right moment.

The general finished talking. There was a long pause before he said, "And that's the truth of the matter, lad. It's you that are in command of my army when we're on the battlefield. So, will you do that for me, boy? Will you sound the charge for me today?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Thank you, son. And, if the Lord is willing, when you're an old, old man, when they ask you what part you played in this terrible war, you can tell them that you were the bugler boy at the battle of Plattsburg. And mind you, lad, say it with pride, with your head held high, because you were the voice, breath and spirit of King George the Third's mighty army."

The man rose to his feet. "Remember my words, son, and may God bless and take care of you."

"Good day, sir." And the man a little bowed by the weight of his great responsibilities, his silver scabbard slapping against his knee-length leather boots, walked off through the rows of trees and groups of men.

Bobby watched him until he was hidden from sight. Then he stretched out on his back once more, swallowed, and dried the last of his tears from his eyes. Then slowly and tenderly he fingered his bugle.

He fell asleep that way, clasping his battered, brass bugle, feeling safe and secure on that cold, damp ground, all the rest of that September night in 1814 in the apple orchard near Plattsburg not far from Lake Champlain.

"Geez, Joe, where've ya been for 6 years.

THE ODD SYSTEM

"Steel
Bars
Do Not
A Prison
Make"
.....Not Much!

Anyone asking for a good place to stay around Monterrey, Mexico, may be told, "The Palace of Topochico." This will be only a half humorous suggestion despite the fact that the "Palace" is the Nuevo Leon State Penitentiary. Recommending it as a place to stay is no reflection on the city's hotels — just another accolade for the busy, well-kept penal institution outside this Mexican industrial capitol. In the hot, mountain-fringed desert that once echoed to the thunder of "revolutionary justice," the prison is a walled symbol of the progress rapidly changing the face of Mexico. It is both a rehabilitation center and a small industrial complex. It stresses education, work and self-help in the effort to turn luckless inmates into useful citizens.

This prison offers its 1,057 inmates various opportunities to learn a trade, or study music, or even group dancing. Its educational program ranges from basic literacy courses to English.

To stress his point that the inmate should not be treated as a social outcast, the penitentiary director, Miguel Guadina Ibarra, allows inmates an amazing degree of freedom inside and outside the prison.

"We begin with the basic premise that these men are human," says Mr. Guadina, "and we decided to give them every chance to escape from becoming prison fodder."

The result is a special program of unusual scope for a prison — even one as modern as this. Some inmates are permitted to attend school or work in downtown Monterrey without accompanying guards. Since Mr. Guadina took over the prison in October 1961, no one has broken the pledge to return at a prescribed hour.

Wives are permitted unlimited visits with their husbands in full privacy. For the bachelor inmates, there's a once weekly social night when cabaret girls are allowed in for orderly, quiet visits. Frowning on common-law arrangements, Mr. Gaudina encourages marriage. Every Mother's Day, the prison stages a mass wedding ceremony. So far, this year, there have been 15 weddings.

SLAPPING A FEDERAL OFFENSE?

Atlanta, Ga.—A television repairman, was convicted for slapping an income tax collector who was trying to collect back taxes of about $100. A U.S. District Court sentenced the offender to six months which under the federal system means five months of incarceration. *Via: Presidio*

DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTIONS STATISTICS

OFFENCES	
Offences against property	9,584
Offences against life or person	7,236
Violation Drug Addict Laws	1,531
Offences relating to sex	640
Other offences	1,496

SENTENCES	
Under 1 year	5,165
1 to 5 years	5,642
5 to 10 years	6,672
10 to 20 years	4,727
Over 20 and lifers	780

EDUCATIONAL STATISTICS	
Enrolled illiterate prisoners	26,544
Taught to be literate	14,956
Released as literate	1,615
Released as illiterate	576
Examinations taken	2,202

RELIGIOUS SERVICES	
Buddhist (yearly)	4,649
Muslim (yearly)	167
Christian (yearly)	27

(All statistics are for 1963.)

mates. Women, of course, are one group. Then there are the 18 to 25 year old first offenders, followed by a further breakdown as to offences. Sex criminals pose a different problem than those who commit crimes against property and accordingly receive different treatment. Persons who commit "crimes against the life and person"— murder, assault, etc. — are another group. Habitual criminals are again separate, as we have seen.

And just in case an offender does not fall within the scope of these categories, Thailand has a seventh group which we would call miscellaneous. Segregation in Canada has not reached anything near this. In our federal system, there is only partial segregation as to age groups and none at all according to offences.

While Thailand provides special moral guidance and instruction for each of its segregated classes of prisoners, one of the most important features of the corrections program seems to be a "course of literacy".

Illiteracy is common in Thailand (see box) and the Department of Corrections attempts to "identify" illiterates who are sent to the prisons. The "course of literacy" is specifically designed to meet the requirements of the inmates — none of this *Mary, John and Peter* stuff for adults learning to read. The effect of this program on the inmates is summed up by Mr. Visudhimark:

"An illiterate prisoner who becomes literate after having been taught by officials of the prison is likely to be proud of his new achievement — proud to be able to read and write. His pleasure clearly shows the moment he can read a letter from a relative or a friend and begins to write his own reply.

"On the way to his home town after release, he now becomes pleased to *read* the names of places he formerly knew only through memorized landmarks such as roads or bridges. With great joy, he begins to say to himself that he is *useful* and starts looking forward to being a useful and law-abiding citizen."

A feeling of achievement and to feel useful *after* prison. If Thailand does this for its offenders, it is no wonder their recidivist rate is under

Most prisoners who commit crimes against property are unskilled — the program for this group stresses training for some steady occupation.

ten per cent. And if this is one of the keys to successful rehabilitation, as we suspect, our recidivist rate in Canada is appropriate to our effort to instill self-esteem in our convicts.

For the work and recreation programs in Thailand's prisons, we will be brief. Prisoners are classified, but by their conduct, industry and rehabilitative progress, they may be promoted to higher groups and earn more privileges. Visits, letters and library privileges are earned. So is the right to have food brought from outside — including meals. Sports, movies and television are also available to prisoners, the report states.

All inmates work at producing jobs, with on-the-job training being the main goal. Most prisoners who commit crimes against property, it seems, are unskilled and have no permanent job. Accordingly, the program for this group stresses training for some occupation. Besides agriculture and cattle raising, there is light industry, masonry and a print shop.

An attempt is made to have the inmate work at a job which he likes and to which he is suited. In this way "his work brings him satisfaction and a willingness to secure the interest and co-operation of other prisoners. It helps to create a new ego."

Again and again this theme of instilling "pride and self-importance" appears in the programs of the Thai prisons. Prisoners are paid for their work. Prison products are sold on the open market and in 1963 prison industry earned 15,823,644 baht — almost $800,000 !

The prisoners receive thirty-five per cent of the money earned by their labour — which is more of an incentive to produce than the flat rate of 25¢, 35¢, 45¢ and 55¢ available in Canada's federal pens. And, while we are comparing, how about the 6¢ per day the Province of Ontario pays its prisoners — with a maximum of $20 accrued no matter how long you serve! Poor, underdeveloped Thailand actually pays its prisoners better wages than the richest province in Canada.

And of course Thailand has a parole system. It isn't as advanced as Canada's National Parole Service, but there are plans for immediate expansion. Mr. Visudhimark's report shows 200 paroles were granted in 1961. It jumped to 695 the following year and by 1963 there were 1,128 paroles granted.

Since its inception in 1961, (our National Parole Board was created in 1959) the Thailand Parole System has proved its worth. Prison overcrowding has been relieved in some areas and, more important, parole has proved an effective aid to rehabilitation. The benefits to the public are identical to those realized in Canada: "It is an incentive to good conduct in prison, turns the inmate's interest toward the corrective training offered him, and is the only effective method of returning inmates to an orderly life after a lengthy term in prison."

The problems facing Thailand's parole system are similar to those in Canada as well. There is an insufficient number of parole supervisors and some of them are not qualified for the position. While it is recognized that parole is cheaper than prison as a means of

PARDONS, PAROLES AND AMNESTIES

Thailand grants Royal Pardons every four to six years. When the King chooses to exercise his Royal Prerogative of Mercy, he usually grants a Full Pardon to the prisoners effected. In 1963, the last general amnesty, 17,440 prisoners were released by Royal Pardon.

Thailand's parole board does not interfere or even protest this. Parole, they point out, is not an act of mercy, but an earned reward given under special conditions. The Royal Prerogative of Mercy is an entirely separate concept and, in it's own way, helps to change the attitudes of many prisoners who are burdened with hopelessly long sentences.

Canadian prisoners are now hoping for such a gesture from our government for Canada's Centennial Year. Our parole board objects to amnesties. But as they say in Thailand, parole is not an act of mercy, and there is always a place in the world for mercy.

One of the major objections to the Royal Amnesties of the past has been that large numbers of inmates were discharged without proper preparation. That can be easily overcome. Lay the plans now — as we are for the rest of the Centennial Year — and allow a few more Canadians to plan for a better future in Sixty-Seven. The usual practice in Canada has been to grant one month's amnesty for each year of sentence — which means the average inmate can expect to be released three to four months earlier than he normally would have been. It helps the men with long sentences the most — and who needs help more?

Amnesty or Parole is a world-wide practice. It is often anticipated years in advance by prison inmates. And it is always fully appreciated by the recipients. The gift of time off is, of course, the most valuable gift a prisoner can receive. It means he has been given back an irreplaceable portion of his life — he has been given another chance.

controlling offenders, there is a shortage of funds to expand the parole service.

There is no mention of Probation in Mr. Visudhimark's report and if the "arrest and identification of hooligans" is a criterion, we suspect that probation is unheard of in Thailand.

Over all, there really does not seem to be a great difference in the physical organization of Thailand's prison system and ours. But Thailand got there before us.

The big difference is in the attempts to give moral guidance and self-esteem to the inmates. Canada has made some progress in alleviating the medieval physical conditions of its federal prisons. Most are now fit to live in — or to be more precise, to exist in. The big move now is to find a program or system to train inmates in morality — not continue to degrade and demoralize them. Ninety-nine point nine per cent of the men and women in Canadian jails are going to be released. They do come out. But if no effort is made to reach their minds, to retrain them while in prison, we can hardly expect our recidivism rate to drop.

If we can't find our own solution — and wouldn't it be nice if just for once Canada *dared* to be first in something? But if we can't do that, let's at least continue to follow under-privileged, underdeveloped Thailand.

A Strange Prison

About 20 miles outside of Moscow is the world's perfect prison—perfect in that it turns out self-respecting, skilled, responsible citizens, and not fugitive embittered, broken men as in North America. In the first place, the word "prison" is not used nor the word "prisoner." There are no cells, no bars, no guards, not even a wall. But the 3,500 boys and men who live there have been all thorough-going criminals and are serving sentences for every known crime from petty larceny to murder.

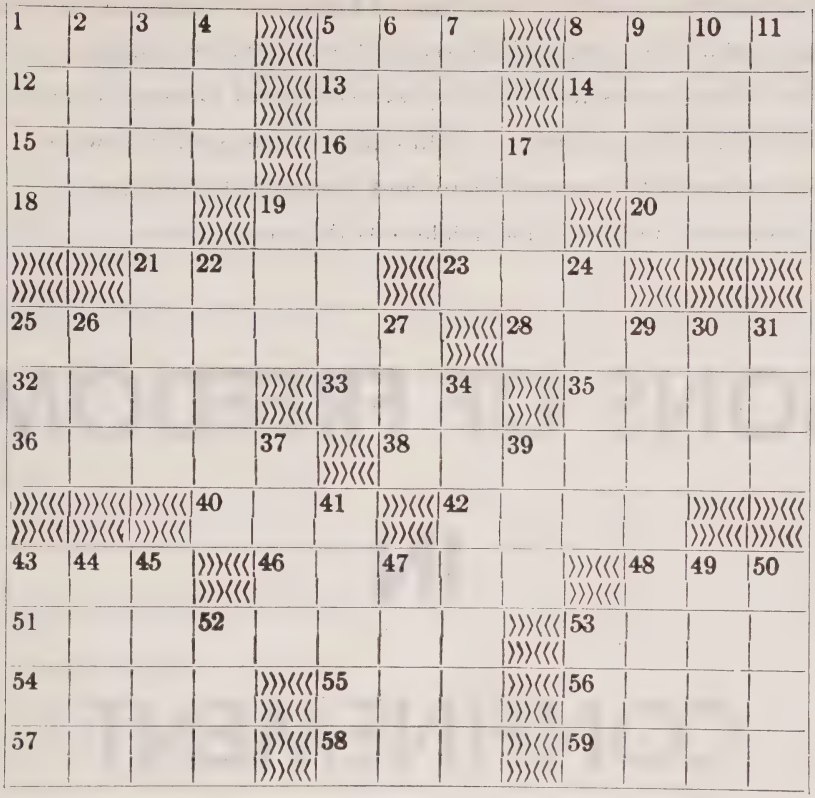
The Soviets are implacable environmentalists. They insist that environment alone is to blame if young people take to crime. If the environment is improved, character will likewise improve. So when offenders come to Bolshevo they are kept busy going to school learning to be skilled working men, learning to swim and dance and govern themselves. Their labor in the factory is paid for on the same basis as work done by free men. Half their salary goes toward their clothes and board and keep. They can spend the remainder in Moscow if they choose and on anything they like.

A self-sufficient commune has grown up about the place. The older boys with good records are allowed to mate or marry with wives from the outside. Such mating is in fact encouraged, and each couple is provided with living quarters. There is a splendid school for children of these menages. The results of this enlightened policy is that over 800 members of the commune are married, and 1,900 children laugh and sing around the "prison" grounds.

There is a hospital, excellently equipped. A movie and theater play to packed houses every night. So ideal and so carefree is life at Bolshevo that the directors' problem, as at a circus school, is to persuade his men to leave when their sentence is up. But when the graduates do leave they become so imbued with the feeling of responsibility for the good name of Bolshevo and the general welfare of Russia, that they are invariably the most honorable and the most industrious and most valuable citizens in any community into which they and their wives and children move.

"You're not one step ahead of them any longer, George!"

TELESCOPE CROSSWORD PUZZLE



Across

1. Pleasent
5. 3 U.S.A. Presidents
8. Trail
12. Pig -
13. Kind of Hawk
14. Egg Shaped
15. Flavor
16. To Give Up
18. Alfonso's Queen
19. Lost and
20. Sea Snake
21. Nail
23. So
25. I'm Sorry
28. Name Plate
32. Soft Drink
33. That women
35. Landing Place (Inda)
36. Hobo
38. Sunday
40. Aged
42. Betel Nut
43. Arabian Cloth
46. Mr. (Spanish)
48. Woman's Nickname
51. Martini
53. Irish Meal
54. Concerning
55. Gypsy word
56. Airplane
57. Borrowed Stock (Irish Law)
58. Compass Point
59. Pull

Down

1. River (Amazon)
2. Aladan's land
3. Soft Drink Company
4. Compass Point
5. To Pass
6. Place
7. Moslem Demon (Pl)
8. Man's Nickname
9. Excellent
10. Same as One Across
11. Noble
17. Land Ownership
19. Department, Chin.
22. South American Animal
24. Willing
25. Play Part
26. For
27. Affirmative
29. Stair Part
30. Measurement (Polish)
31. Letter (Anglo-Saxton)
34. To Dissolve
37. Sisters Little Brother
39. Man (Latin)
41. Kind of Duck
43. Chemical
44. Woman's Name
45. Land Measure
47. Island of west Sumatra
49. Age
50. Till The Earth
52. Greek Goddess
53. Cheerless

Answers on page 56.

Remember the wave of terror that swept the Kootenay district of British Columbia in 1961 and 1962? The Sons of Freedom Doukhobors were on the rampage again. Mass arrests followed and over 100 Freedomites were sentenced to federal penitentiaries. They were expected to carry their acts of violence into the prisons — as they had in the past. A new institution was needed to control them, and Mountain Prison was the government's answer. This article tells the story of the

SONS OF FREEDOM IN CONFINEMENT

by D. W. MADDIN

To understand the philosophy that motivated the construction of Mountain Prison, it is desirable that the reader have some knowledge of the historical background of the people who made this unique institution necessary. The introductory paragraphs, therfore, are meant to provide a brief and very general outline of the history of the Doukhobors.

It was around the turn of the century that the Doukhobors came to Canada. They were a deeply religious people, of Russian peasant stock, with a turbulent history dating back many generations. Disillusioned by the established church which worked hand in hand with the state, they came to distrust it. Victimized by the state, which called upon them constantly for military service without any compensation, they came to defy it. They interpreted their religion to suit themselves and broke away from the church. By advocating pacifism in defiance of state laws, they left themselves wide open to retaliation, so that through the years their suffering was almost unimaginable. Many were imprisoned and many died. Finally, news of their plight reached beyond the borders of Russia and sympathetic people were able to arrange for their emigration.

The Doukhobors felt that in Canada

Before assuming their duties at Mountain Prison, all custodial staff underwent special training. Everyone involved was made familiar with the various types of explosive and incendiary bombs known to have been used by the members of the Freedomite sect.

they could farm and practice their religion in peace. The Canadian government assumed that it would be only a matter of time before they would be assimilated into the Canadian community at large. They were given land on the western prairies and left to their own devices. It was not long before dissension reared its head and the parent group broke up into several factions. One of these factions labelled themselves *"The Sons of Freedom"* and it was they who concentrated on a policy of "civil disobedience". Fortunately, the *Sons of Freedom* represented only a small number of the main group and by far the vast majority of the Doukhobors went on to become good citizens. They have in the past made very worthwhile contributions to their adopted land, and still do.

After spending several years on the prairies, many Doukhobors, including the "radical" *Sons of Freedom,* moved on to the Province of British Columbia where they settled in the Kootenay Valley. It was here that the *Sons of Freedom* stepped up their depredations against both the "orthodox" Doukhobor groups and the community in general. Nudism, incendiarism and bombing were all instruments used by the *Freedomites* in their frequent and irrational demonstrations against authority. They soon earned the title of "terrorists" and, as they acted in groups, mass arrests of group members became common. Following their conviction and sentencing, the *Freedomites* carried their acts of violence into the prisons, where they destroyed much property and endangered the lives of the more conventional inmates by means of arson. Normal disciplinary action aimed at their control was rendered ineffective because the group always faced the authorities as one man. Any punitive measure employed seemed to please them as, individually and collectively, they delighted in being martyrs to their so-called cause.

Prison administrators found large

numbers of *Freedomite* inmates almost impossible to tolerate within their institutions. Aside from their tendencies to incendiarism, their very presence and their policy of non-cooperation and passive resistance disrupted prison routines and generally interferred with normal prison function. It finally became the accepted view that if further mass arrests of *Freedomites* became imminent, some provision would have to be made to isolate them from prisons that were not geared to cope with them. The wave of terrorism that swept the Kootenays in the years of 1961 and 1962 and the numerous arrests and convictions resulting therefrom brought matters to a head and it was then that the idea of building a special prison was conceived. A site was selected and Mountain Prison was on its way to becoming a reality.

Built in the upper Fraser Valley near the town of Agassiz at a cost of approximately three hundred thousand dollars, the original physical plant was completed in mid-June 1962. It was made up of fire-resistant hutments sufficient in number to accomodate one hundred and fifty male and one hundred female inmates, with allowances made for future expansion if the need arose. A 168 acre area was enclosed by a 12-foot "chain link" fence. Inside this fence, a 12-foot high, closely-spaced and tightly-strung barbed wire fence was erected. It was designed in such a way as to allow for a 20-foot corridor between the fences and to subdivide the main area into two compounds separated by a space about 50 yards wide. In these two segregated areas, male and female inmates were provided for accordingly. A 10-foot high plywood fence was erected to supplement that part of the inner fence enclosing the female compound, thereby preventing visual and vocal contact between the sexes. Administration buildings located in a commanding position outside of the fenced area completed the prison, which was organized to operate as a maximum security institution.

While Mountain Prison was being constructed, men to staff the prison were being recruited. First, a Superintendent was brought in from the Prince Albert Penitentiary. He was Mr. R. A. Wilson, a man with twenty-six years of penitentiary experience. Having joined the service in February 1939, Mr. Wilson was promoted to Guard Grade II in 1948. A further promotion raised him to the rank of Keeper in 1950. He became Supervisor of Institutional Services in 1961 and then, in 1962 attained the rank of Assistant Warden. He was transferred to Mountain Prison soon after to supervise that institution. Mr. Wilson was provided with experienced administration staff, a nucleus of experienced prison officers and a number of new officers, the latter being selected, for the most part, from the nearby communities. Before assuming their duties at Mountain Prison, all custodial staff underwent an extensive training program. Special emphasis was placed on fire fighting instruction and all the officers involved were made familiar with various types of explosive and incendiary bombs known to have been used by the *Freedomites* in the past. After a period of orientation for the new staff members in the British Columbia Penitentiary, Mountain Prison was ready to start receiving inmates. The first of these arrived on July 23rd, 1962.

The reaction of the first inmates arriving at the prison was one of total defiance. They refused to pick up their bedding and then they refused to cook their food; thus Mountain Prison experienced its first "hunger strike". On July 25th, 1962, the second draft of inmates arrived at the prison and they too joined in the strike. The prison officials were adamant in maintaining their policy of "no concessions" and after 17 days without food or blankets the inmates broke their fast for rea-

sons of their own. They picked up their bedding, appointed their cooking crew and settled into the prison routine. Still refusing to do any work other than that directly involved with eating and maintainance of camp sanitation, the inmates were restricted to a minimum of privileges and began to serve their sentences on that basis.

With Mountain Prison in operation less than two months, members of the *Freedomite* sect left their homes in the Kootenays, threatening a mass migration to Mountain Prison. Many of them burned their houses down before joining the marchers. Starting out on foot from their headquarters in Crestova, B. C., they were joined by other members of their sect as they progressed through towns and villages along the route. Newspapers reported about eight hundred participants. Although they started their trek on foot, they quickly changed their tactics and resorted to the use of cars and trucks. Due to the large number of people involved and the many miles they had to cover, their progress was relatively slow and they were obliged (after covering about 300 hundred miles) to camp at the town of Hope, B. C. as winter set in. Much could be written about the so-called march. Patriarchs and infants alike participated in it. Let it suffice to say that they had been on the road for some time, being shuttled in groups by their vehicles, and camping at intervals, and it was a weary mass of people who arrived at Hope, still vowing to continue their march as soon as weather permitted.

The reaction of the first inmates to arrive at the camp was one of total defiance. They refused to pick up their bedding. They refused to cook their food. Mountain Prison had its first hunger strike.

Meanwhile, the inmates at Mountain Prison continued to follow their dull routine from day to day. The next change in the prison picture occurred on December 11th, 1962, when a draft of sixteen convicted female inmates arrived at the prison. Most of these women had been convicted on the same charge and were sentenced to two years' imprisonment. As they had been expected for some time, the prison was quite prepared for their arrival. Eleven matrons who had been trained as custodial staff and held on a standby pending this move, immediately took over the supervisional duties in the female (east) compound. The number of inmates of both sexes held in Mountain Prison now reached a total of 107. It had been anticipated that many more than this number would eventually find their way into the prison, but some of the arrests failed to end in convictions and as the *Freedomites* had now changed their tactics, the prison count remained relatively static.

In spite of the policy of non-cooperation on the part of the inmates, the prison continued to function smoothly. Then, on July 21st, 1963, the male inmates presented an ultimatum to the prison Superintendent, in-

forming him that they were determined to begin a fast and further, that they were going to continue it to the death. On July 21st, the inmates, both male and female, refused to eat. Each succeeding day the Superintendent asked the inmates if they would partake of food, and each day he received a unanimously negative reply.

Mid-August arrived and the situation within the prison remained unchanged. Outside the prison, however, a situation was occurring that caused consternation among the prison officials and community residents alike. The *Freedomite* marchers had rallied their numbers and had started to move into the vicinity of the prison. Day by day they arrived. They set up tents on municipal property located within one hundred yards of the east gate of the prison. Defying municipal authority, they expressed their intention of remaining there until their "brothers" were released. Their numbers swelled until they reached an estimated total of six hundred men, women and children. Tents became mingled with crude shacks and other flimsy shelters and it began to appear as if the prison were under seige. Police authorities reacted quickly to the situation, and although the *Freedomites* were allowed to remain where they were, they were given to understand that their move would in no way influence the authorities insofar as their imprisoned members were concerned, and further, that the prison officials would brook no interference whatever from them, irrespective of how long they proposed to be camped at the prison gate. They accepted this edict and began to settle down. They enrolled their children in local schools and started construction of a more permanent "shack-town". The adults looked for and found employment. Though they were working on a very impermanent basis for the most part, it was obvious that they intended to remain right where they were indefinitely.

On July 21st, the inmates informed the Warden that they were beginning a fast — they would continue it to the death.

Back in the prison, the hunger strike continued. Great concern was felt for the health of the inmates. Representatives of the *Freedomite* sect were allowed inside of the prison to plead with the participants to desist, but their pleas had no effect. Day after day, the inmates grew weaker and weaker, until the prison authorities decided that the fast must be broken. To accomplish this, forced feeding (by tube) was initiated. On August 23rd, one young inmate became stricken with a form of bronchial pneumonia, and in spite of all efforts to save him, he died. A coroner's inquest decided that he had died from bronchial pneumonia, complicated by extreme malnutrition. An accelerated program of forced feeding got underway. The inmates were forced to consume larger quantities of very nutritious liquids. Their health began to respond and finally, cups were substituted for tubes and the inmates partook of their food with a minimum of force or physical persuasion being employed. A finger touch under the hand which held the cup became the routine practice and

Outside of the prison, 600 Freedomites set up tents within 100 yards of the prison gate. They said they would remain until their "brothers" were released.

although it began to appear farcical, the inmates were satisfied that symbolically at least, they were being forced to eat. In due time the inmates regained their health to such an extent that the feeding process must have seemed farcical even to them, because they suddenly decided to eat in the normal manner once more. The hunger strike was now over and it appeared to have accomplished nothing for the inmates. It had contributed to the death of one of their number and had, perhaps, given some of the inmates a lesson in futility.

The prison functioned routinely once again and no appreciable changes occurred as a result of the hunger strike, with the exception that three inmates who, feeling they could no longer agree with the ways of their fellows, asked to be and were transferred to the B.C. Penitenitary where they resumed serving their sentences in the conventional manner.

On May 8th, 1964, the last of the female inmates, having served their entire sentences, were discharged. This left the prison not being fully utilized and steps were taken to ensure that the prison would continue to be used to the best advantage. To accomplish this end, it was decided that the male inmates would be moved to that part of the prison formerly occupied by the female inmates. The vacated compound would then be available as a prison for a draft of conventional inmates who would be transferred in from the B.C. Penitentiary. To make this arrangement feasible, some new construction as well as some modification to existing facilities became necessary.

The expansion program cost in the vicinity of $40,000. It consisted of building a new housing unit in what had been the female (east) compound. Dining facilities were also enlarged in that compound and the male Doukhobor inmates were transferred to it. The west compound now began to undergo modifications. Open dormitory type accommodations were changed to single cubicle accommodation. Each living unit was divided into twenty-six cubicles and each cubicle provided facilities for one inmate. Fifty inmates were transferred from the B.C. Penitetiary on September 14th, 1964.

Generally speaking, they were inmates who, for various reasons, could not participate fully in a comprehensive penitentiary program. A program more closely suited to their needs was tailored and put into effect here. A woodworking shop was set up to manufacture items for the use of the Dominion Experimental Farm which is located within a few miles of the prison. Unlike *Freedomite* inmates, the inmates receive all the privileges commonly received by all other penitentiary inmates. The prison staff was

doubled, bringing the total complement to fourty-four persons. This figure includes administrative as well as custodial staff. Male *Freedomite* inmates were allowed no contact with the other inmates; the latter being inmates who were selected as the type likely to get along well in a camp setting.

On March 23rd, 1965, the *Freedomite* inmates intimated to the Superintendent that they were ready and willing to co-operate in some form of prison work program. Steps were taken almost immediately to see that a work program was made available to them. Their apparent change in attitude came as something of a surprise to the prison staff, although they had hinted at it rather strongly. They had been telling staff members that they had been considering such a move and the staff infered that all that was holding them up was their inability to get ALL of the "brothers" to agree to it. There were still three or four holdouts when they made their appeal for a work program — a rare move, as they seldom act without the unanimous support of their "brothers".

A work program was initiated and the "Doukhobor" inmates seem to be taking an enthusiastic interest in it. Step by step, the authorities are increasing the privileges for this group. They are being allowed more frequent and longer visits, books, moving pictures, etc. In short, if their efforts are maintained, they will eventually receive all the privileges now normally given to inmate in penitentiaries across the country.

These people have been inconsistent in their behaviour in the past. Unpredictability has been one of their chief characteristics. It is possible, though, that their apparent change in attitude is genuine. There has been much dissension among the members of the sect, inside and outside the prison. It may be that many of them are at last becoming enlightened. It could be that they are disillusioned with their leaders, who have seemed somewhat subdued of late. Or maybe it is that they are tired of beating their heads against a wall. There is a great deal of speculation, but in any case, the prison and penitentiary authorities have adopted a "wait and see" policy. They are cautiously optimistic for the future of these misguided people.

The shacktown located at the prison gate seems to be much less populous than it was. There have been no acts of violence committed by the sect for a relatively long stretch of time. It is too early to tell and there is far too little concrete information on which to base any premise that the *Freedomites* may have changed their ways, but if they have, it can be safely said that Mountain Prison has played a major role in that transformation. We must all agree that it would be a wonderful thing if the sect has dropped its policy of civil disobedience, with all the accompanying evils. For far too many years the sect has been a thorn in the side of the peaceful citizens of the area and a drain on the public's patience and purse.

The author, D.W. Maddin, is a Correctional Officer at Mountain Prison near Agassiz, British Columbia. This article is printed with the permission of the Penitentiary Service publication, FEDERAL CORRECTIONS, *where it originally appeared under the title "Sons of Freedom Doukhobors Conform to Rules".*

PENAL NEWS

NOTES ON THE NEWS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

J. Copley

MINISTER SUGGESTS WIVES VISIT PRISON.

PORT CARLING (CP) :- Reverand John Griffen of Kingston told a United Church conference here Sunday that wives or even prostitutes should make visits to Canadian prisons to help combat homosexuality.

Mr. Griffen speaking at the conference said that married prisoners should have private visits from wives at least once a month.

GUILLOTINE FALLS

OTTAWA:- Three of Canada's six outdated penitentiaries will be demolished by 1973, federal penitentiaries commissioner A.J. MacLeod said last month.

St. Vincent de Paul near Montreal will be the first. The others are to be Kingston Penitentiary and the British Columbia Penitentiary in New Westminister.

Manitoba, Dorchester and Saskatchewan Penitentiaries will be modernized.

Via: Toronto Star.

CANADA INCREASES WOMEN MAGISTRATES

Anne Shipley of Kirkland Lake, Ontario, was almost turned away from a mayor's convention in New York once by a policeman who told her no women were allowed.

She was admitted after she said: "I'm no lady. I'm a mayor."

There is no longer any question of female admittance at the Ontario Assocation of Mayors and Reeves convention. Women delegates include five mayors and nearly a dozen reeves, Deputy reeves and aldermen.

Mrs. Carmon Montrose, a Windsor alderman, said more women officials are needed to deal with problems of welfare senior citizens and recreation.

Via: Ottawa Citizen.

WRINKLES REMOVED

The Prison Laundry in the Minnisota State Pen. has started a new program recently, which will provide all inmates with pressed clothes to wear.

This program was tried once before, but because of circumstances which could not be worked out, had to be discontinued. Right now though, it looks as if things might possibly work out.

Via: Prison Mirror.

PRISON WITHOUT BARS

The Washington Corrections Centre at Shelton, is entering it's sixth month of operation as one of the nation's most advanced institutions.

The 400 acre facility is built along "campus" lines and has little or no security in most areas. Security, that is as most people think of it. Everything at Shelton is either electronically controlled or by a radio-intercom-telephone system. The rehabilitative program of the prison is emphasized by education and a theme of "progressive freedom."

Via: The Presidio.

CRIMINALS BEWARE

Metals in a person's hair, gold, silver, and others, may be solving crimes within the next few years, said a noted criminologist to the New York Times.

According to the scientist, Dr. Paul Kirk of California, traces of at least 17 metals can be found in normal human hair.

Kirk said the new methed is "one of several highly sophisticated methods now looming as potential aids to detect crime."

"The potential advantage of the newer methods is their sensitivity. The neutron method can detect traces of metal far too small to be identified by any chemical method at all."

The Band Warming up for Field Day Activities.

Back row: Jim Smale, Doug Sauve, and Al Thayer. Front row: Wally Johnson, Bill Knight, and Pat O'Hara.

BOY, GIRL PROSTITUTES POSE CORRECTIONAL SYSTEM PROBLEM

A top-level Board of Control study group is trying to solve the dilemna of what to do about problem children who don't fit anywhere into the correctional system.

The group, made up of three controllers and representatives of a dozen social agencies and service groups are wrestling with such problems as how to deal with 12-year-old girl and boy prostitutes and with a 13-year-old girl who tried to commit suicide while under the influence of goofballs."

"There is a real gap in the community service," said Controller Margaret Campbell. We are finding a terrible situation and don't have the facilities to cope with these problems."

The types of cases mentioned resulted mainly from situations which were not up to par.

Mrs. Campbell said the committee is considering another possibility — hostels where they can have supervision and counselling which might be of greater assistance than a training school.

The hostel recommendation will likely go to the provincial Youth Committee under the chairmanship of Syl Apps.

"Hopefully, we will have the support of all agencies in the field for our recommendation," Mrs. Campbell said.

Via: Toronto Star.

ALCATRAZ BECOMES TOURIST ATTRACTION

SAN FRANCISCO (AP) :- Alcatraz Island's notoriety may have slipped, but the famed prison site remains as aloof and mysterious as ever in its picture-postcard setting in San Francisco Bay.

Although it is gallows humor even to-day to suggest a "visit" to the island, Alcatraz is in fact a genuine tourist attraction. Camera bugs delight in snapping its stony features from Fisherman's Wharf and the Golden Gate Bridge.

Tourists can not however, land on the island itself. To caretakers John Hart and his son Bill, it is becoming a difficult task to keep the would-be tourists from landing on the island.

"It's just not safe for tourists here," he said. "The old buildings cover two-thirds of the area here, and are in bad condition. There are no facilities for tourists and no staff to supervise them."

One great attraction of the island is that most of the notorious American criminals were imprisoned there.

"Although not neccesarily the toughest," said Hart, we got all the troublemakers from other prisons in the country."

SUPER JAILS GO AHEAD

Mr. A.J. McLeod, Federal Commissioner of Penitentiaries, said last month in an intervew that Justice Minister Lucien Cardin had instructed him to go ahead with planning and constructing of four super-maximum prisons.

Former Justice Minister Guy Favreau last month told the Canadian Corrections Association he would consider stopping construction of a $2,200,000 penitentiary near Montreal and postponing three other units.

The one-story "super prison" detention units, designed for Canada's most troublesome prisoners, would enclose cell-blocks that are solid except for ceiling portholes.

Via: Kingston Whig-Standard

KINSEY DEALS WITH SEX CRIMES

NEW YORK (A.P.) :- A new Kinsey report says narcotics and pornography have little to do with sex crimes.

"The 'drug crazed sex-fiend' or the 'sex crazed drug addict' are figments of journalistic imagination," says the report based on interviews of prisoners by the late Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey and his associates.

They found also that rather large proportions of the men reported little or no sexual arousal from pornography.

The report, entitled "sex offenders," was to be published on July 28, by Harper and Row. It is a statistical analysis of interviews with 1,356 white men imprisoned for sex crimes in California and Indiana.

While drugs are a minor factor, the reports says, alcohol is a major one.

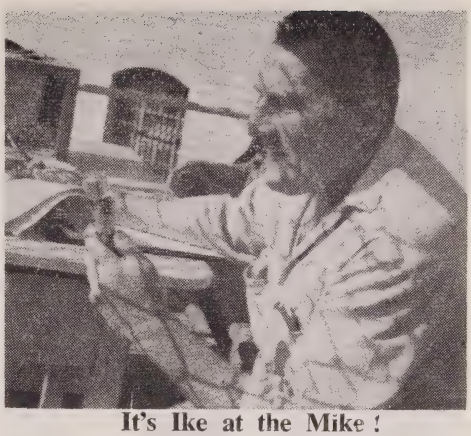
The authors of the Kinsey report, found that 77 per cent of the men who threatened or used force on little girls were intoxicated, as were 54 per cent of the rapists of victims over 15.

Via: N.Y. Herald.

POLICEMEN MUST STUDY

Policemen must step up their education if they are to compete with criminal foes, says Washington Police Chief John B. Layton.

"Average intelligence and general ability, which have long represented the minimum standards for selection, cannot suffice much longer," Layton told graduate rookies at the district police academy last month. He said that officers must have more scientifice training, and "in time, college degrees will become requistes in the evaluation of police officer selection."



It's Ike at the Mike !

Ike Crellian was acclaimed the Man Who Contributed Most to Baseball this year for his tireless efforts behind the scenes.

Added Layton: "If we are to compete with the criminal who now uses modern technological methods, we cannot rely on a bare basic education."

Via: The Spectator.

HOMING PIGEONS

Six prisoners with sentences ranging up to 40 years passed up the chance to excape last month and came to the aid of a lone guard stricken with a heart attack.

Ray Shell, 61, was the guard on an outside work detail when he was stricken. The prisoners put him in a truck, rushed him to a nearby farm house and called an ambulance. One of the prisoners accompanied Shell to the hospital and the other five got in the truck and returned to camp.

Shell died enroute to the hospital, but hospital attendants found his pistol in the holster, and his money undisturbed in his pockets.

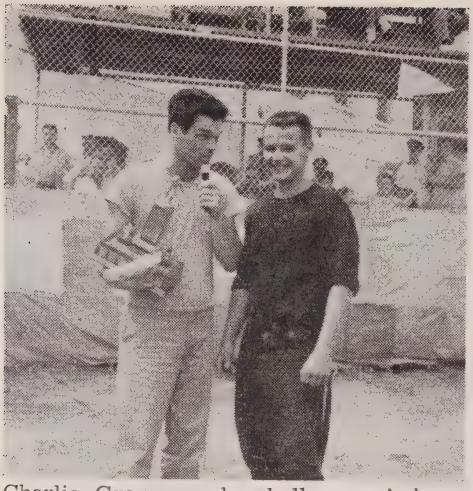
Via: The Colony.

DEATH PENALTY ABOLISHED

LONDON:- The House of Commons gave its final approval last month to a bill to abolish hanging as the penalty for murder. The vote was 200 to 98, a majority of 102 for the abolitionists.

The bill now goes to the House of Lords, which can delay it but not finally frustrate it. The bill provides that parliament shall be able to review abolition after five years.

No person has been hanged in Britain in the seven months since veteran laborite Sydney Silverman brought forward the bill as a private measure.



Charlie Gray, our baseball commissioner surrendering the Allen Cup Trophy to Ken DeMille of the Trudeau Motor Hotel of Belleville team. The final score was Trudeau 16, Saints 3.

CRIME PROFESSION PAYS

LONDON (REUTERS) :- Crime is an attractive profession which pays magnificently, a judge declared last month.

Cyril Harvey, a 65-year-old county judge, wrote in the conservative magazine Crossbow that crime was a profession to which many of its practitioners were firmly devoted. And no wonder — because it was in many ways an attractive profession.

Crime could be interesting and exciting. It involved no daily treadmill of regular office hours and it could be highly remunerative.

"It's absurd to say crime does not pay," he said. "It pays magnificently and its proceeds are free of income tax.

"Misfortune in crime will only lead you to a custodial establishment where you will be housed and fed for a period at the public expence, and will enjoy the company of many kindred spirits."

Via: Ottawa Citizen

PLAN TRANSFER OF SEX OFFENDERS

TORONTO (CP) :- Sex offenders in the maximum-security Milbrook, Ontario Reformatory will be transferred to Alex G. Brown Memorial Clinic for alcoholics and drug addicts at near-by Mimico, Reform Institutions Minister Allan Grossman said last month.

Mr. Grossman said that there were about 60 sex offenders in Milbrook. The other 160 inmates of the reformatory are classified as drug addicts and behavior problems who defy attempts at rehabilitation, he added.

Mr. Grossman said there are no vocational training facilities at the reformatory because "they are the kind of inmates that refuse to co-operate in any kind of program ... They represent serious behavior problems."

An investigation was being carried out by Chief Inspector David Dougall and psychologist Douglas Penfold. The investigation was held to check on alleged brutality and unfavorable conditions in the prison at Milbrook.

Mr. Grossman said that he will consider what-ever changes are suggested at the completion of the investigation.

REVEAL PRISON CHANGES

TORONTO (CP) :- Al Grossman, Ontario minister of reform institutions, revealed last month new policies affecting the size of prisons, vocational training, prisoner visiting privileges and personnel conferences.

He said new institutions will be designed to accommodate not more than 200 adults, or juveniles;

Vocational training programs will be established in every adult penal institution;

Visiting hours at all institutions will become standard with special exceptions.

Mr. Grossman also said a new system of regular staff conferences will be held for the exchange and stimulation of ideas.

SPECIAL SURGERY

KANSAS:- Plastic surgery is performed on Kansas inmates one day each week by Dr. John Simons. a plastic surgeon from the Kansas Medical Centre. This is another project recently instituted, and is associated with Kansas State Prison's ever expanding rehabilitation program.

Via: Inside World.

SENTENCES CUT IN SPAIN

MADRID:- Chief of State Generalissimo Francisco Franco decreed a reduction of sentences for all of the 11,000 Spanish prisoners in honor of the holy year of St. James of Compostela, patron saint of Spain.

Prisoners serving up to two years will have their sentences cut in half; those serving from two to 12 years will have their sentences cut by one quarter; those in prison from 12 to 20 years will get one-fifth their term off, and those in prison for more than 20 years will have their sentences reduced by one-sixth.

Via: Toronto Star.

PROTEST 'WHITEWASHING'

PORT ARTHUR:- A special province-wide investigative force is needed to stop 'whitewashing' of police brutality charges, the Royal Commission on Civil Rights was told last month.

The Thunder Bay Law Association told former Chief Justice J.C. McRuer it is unsatisfactory to have charges of police abuse investigated by the accused's own police departments or commissions.

Urging special facilities with trained investigators, the Lakehead lawyers said these would act 'as a powerful deterrent not only to the incidents themselves but also to the departmental whitewashing of those incidents which do occur."

The association said, It is undeniable that under our present system a charge of assault or false arrest against a police officer results in a depressingly predictable series of counter-charges of obstructing the police, resisting arrest and assault."

The association also urged province-wide psychological testing to screen out police applicants with psychological or personality defects.

"We do not think that it is sufficient to leave the detection of such defects to other police officers who may, by lack of training, be unable to recognize the danger signals and who all too often when they do recognize them, tend to protect the bad apple as a result of the strong intra-department loyalty which must neccessarily exist for effective police work," said John Duthie, who presented the brief.

Via: Toronto Star.

TO REVIEW SENTENCES

TORONTO (CP) :- Sentences handed down by magistrates in Ontario court-rooms will be the subject of a year-long research study to begin late this summer.

Deputy Attorney - General A.R. Dick says there is almost no materal available for presenting magistrates with guidelines, background or philosophies in sentencing.

The study will consider sentences in terms of rehabilitation of offenders and what probation or suspended sentences accomplish.

Professor John L.J. Ford, director of the University of Toronto's criminology centre, persuaded the Ontario magistrates Association to participate during the association's seminar on sentencing here in December. He and research associate John Hogarth are working on details of the research program.

Magistrate R.G. Groom of Woodstock, chairman of the sentencing committee, said last month that the research will deal with sentences in certain types of common criminal offences.

MUST SHAVE OR LOSE JOBLESS PAY

MANNHEIM, West Germany, (Reuters):- An unemployed insurance salesman's inches-long nails, shoulder length hair and flowing beard — which he claimed helped his rheumatism — cost him his unemployment pay.

A court approved the Labor Exchange's request to cut off his aid because his refusal to change his Biblical appearance made it impossible for him to find a job.

Via: Toronto Star.

THE WELDER AT WORK

As stands the welder, the cosmos glowing,
All set to work, with lowered shield
In his hand a power and force to wield,
In spirit moved to another sphere,
At the darkest dark out a window peer
And strike an arc, there in blinding light
None behold but he, the entrancing sight,
Of lava and fusing metal flowing.
His hands doth guide a man made sun,
And each a different orbit run
Through billowing smoke the meteors rise
A miniature universe before his eyes.

Léo Migneault.

Poet

THE HANDS OF THE CLOCK.

The clock of life is wound but once,
And no man has the power,
To say just when the hands will stop,
At late or early hour.

Now is the only time you have,
So live, love, work with a will,
Put no faith in tomorrow,
The clock may then be still.

Harry Wilson

THE ELDER AND THE YOUNGER KNIGHT

The elder and the younger knight,
They sallied forth at three,
How far they went on level ground,
It matters not to me.
What time they reached the foot of the hill,
When they began to mount.
Are problems which I hold to be,
Of very small account.
The moment that each vowed his lot,
Upon the topmost peak,
Is trival query such as this,
No answer will I seek.
Yet can I tell the distance well,
They must have travelled o'er.
On hill and plain twixt three and nine,
The miles were twenty-four.
Four miles an hour their steadv pace,
Along the level track,
Three when they climbed but, six when they
Came swiftly striding back.
And down the hill and little skill,
It needs methods to show,
Up hill and down together told,
Four miles an hour they go.
For whether long or short the time,
Upon the hill they spent.
Two-thirds were passed in going up,
One-third in the descent.
Two-thirds at three, one-third at six.
If rightly reckoned o'er,
Will make one whole at four the tale,
Is tangeled now no more.

--- Harry Wilson

THE CONVICT.

Behind the walls, the convict lives
He works, he laughs and bears,
A sentence only Justice gives
A sentence of ninety years.
He done some wrong society says
Something against the law,
So now he spends the rest of his day
In a cell behind the wall.
There is no hope, only lonely nights
While in his cold grey cell,
The table, chair and all the sights
He knows everything so well.
The same routine, day after day
Winter, Spring and Summer,
He lost his name along the way
Now he's just a number.
He is getting old and bent now
In God happiness, he's found,
He said it won't be long now
Till he's buried in the prison ground.
He told me he was going soon
As he's hearing angels call,
I didn't see him today at noon
His life ended behind the wall.

——Don the Con

Page

OH ! DRY UP.

Twinkle, twinkle, liddle sputnik,
You is a Rawshin dirty tricknic.
Up above der world so high,
Making zig-zags in der sky
How der hell can people sleep,
When all night long goes
Beep, beep, beep?

—R. J. Rasbusnik

PATIENCE ON THE BRINK.

Beware the wrath of a patient man
For his anger lies in wait.
Stay your ignorance, if you can,
Or prepare to suffer your fate.
Beware the thoughts that lurk in the mind,
Of a man who seeks no fight
Arouse him thus, and you will find,
He will know when the time is right.
A patient man is one, you know,
Whose deeds are not in vain.
No loud epitaph shall he show,
Unless there be some gain.
Judge him not, too hastily,
Remember, he is one,
Who knows of what he really sees,
And, just what can be done.
A patient man, it has been said,
Remains himself to be,
A burning ember, glowing red,
Inside, what you cannot see.
So, look again when you see,
A man who stops to think.
And judge him not, for he may be,
"Patience on the brink..... "

—— Barry Knight

THE KEEPER AND THE KEPT.

It is yours to keep
And mine to be kept
And keep me you do
That is all except
My mind which
I know is mine
To serve me
And not my time
It goes thru this wall
Whenever I wish
No part is vulnerable
To your lock and key
For I am its master
And it serves only me.

M. L. S.

HARDROCK

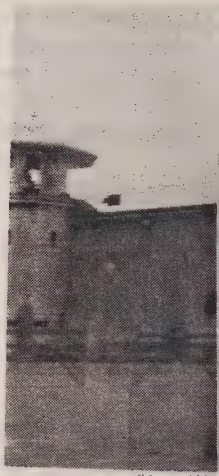
Is this the hardened case
Of criminality so base?
This skinny shank
Without a beard
Is he to be feared?
My god, there's some mistake!
I can't imagine he could take
A step without advice.
And now he pays the price
Of what? By heaven,
The wheels of law
Grind exceedingly thin
If this is all they draw
Within the confines here
To spend the idle year.
He'll graduate in fact
With what at first he lacked:
Schooled complete in all the ways
To come back in for longer stays,
Till finally he does not care
And he can live most anywhere
So long as it is puplic fare
And all the basic things are there.

--- WFH

FIEL

SEPTE

Demetryus taking third prize in the High Jump.



Mike Duquesn
Day Award!
ground, was
event.

Louis and Cummings struggling for the crown on the Greasy Pole. Cummings on top. Arsenault is trying a sneak attack, but he ended up in the drink.

No, this isn't a
place where t
dogs and warm
see, business

DAY

ER 6, 1965.

n the Athlete of the
Milne, in the back-
place winner in this

ie show; it's just the
nanded out cold, hot
shie mix. As you can
booming.

Warren Laidlaw taking 2nd place in the High Jump with a 5' 5" leap. Duquesne, the winner, beat him by an inch.

Andy Anderson, showing style and technique, won the Pole Vault contest with inches to spare.

Sports

SOFTBALL
HORSESHOES
HANDBALL
BODY BUILDING

Name
Name
Name
Name

SCORECARD

by Alan Baker

LABOUR DAY WAS FIELD DAY

HERE and it turned out to be something of a bomb. due perhaps to the obvious lack of organization and planning, the day was marred by numerous goofy but irritating incidents. To start with, the discus got lost — it probably went out with the garbage, or maybe some comedian hurled it over the wall. Next, the shot-put was discovered to be missing as well, though it is hard to imagine how a cannonball could get lost, and if someone threw *that* over the wall, we'd like to know his name. Pretty soon someone realized that there wasn't a stopwatch to be had in the yard and the events had to be run untimed. The tug-of-war then had to be cancelled for lack of a rope that had suddenly become a security risk. And our "early" let-out turned out to be even later than usual.

Still, despite all this, the athletes carried on. Participation this year was down from last year, with considerably fewer contestants in just about every event. However they that were out on the field had their hearts in their efforts all the way.

The event that opened the day was the 75 yard dash and this was won by Sam Cleveland. Mike Duquesne placed second and Red Milne third.

In the next event, the 220 yard dash, Cleveland again took the honours. Milne and Dave Pritchard were the other prize-winners.

In the 75 yard hurdles, the winners were Duquesne, Andy Anderson and Milne again.

The mile race went to Dave Pritchard, who went against one of the prime rules of long distance running by taking the lead at the starting line and keeping it all the way. Fabe Osborne took second place in this event and Ron Hastings came in third.

Only two teams were entered in the 880 yard relay race and the victorious one was made up of Milne, Duquesne, Mowatt and Buddy Smith.

Andy Anderson took the running broad jump with a leap of 18' 5". Second to him came Duquesne and third Demetryus.

The hop-step-and-jump was hopped, stepped and jumped best by Ernie Coates, Milne and Demetryus.

Coates flung the shot-put (found) 50' 9 1/2" to win that event. Lewis, who was second, threw it 46' 7 1/2"

Doug Hastings showing Demetryus and Coates how easy it is done.

and Milne, the other winner, 45' 7".

Flying highest in the pole-vault was Anderson, followed by Lyle Chickloski and Simmons.

The highest jumper for the second year in a row was Duquesne with a leap of 5' 6". Laidlaw placed second and Demetryus third.

Grandpa Richard Burger — the eighty-seven year old chief clothes washer — successfully stumbled fifty yards under the burden of an egg and spoon to win first prize in the old man's race. Tottering into second and third places behind him were Rodrique and Toth. Special prizes of strained baby-foods, Pablum and clay pipes were given to the winners.

The fat mans race was attended by about eight 225 pounders and up — but only one of them could have been considered a fat man. The winner was Duquesne (who also won the high jump and was second in the 75 yard dash) and Cummingson and Russel were right behind him. The only legit fat man in the race, became discouraged about the forty yard line. We only run a 75 yard dash, by the way, because thats the longest distance we can get in our exercise yard — corner to corner!

The fifty yard piggy-back race, with horses blinded, was won by Russel as the horse and Fredericks as the rider. In the place position was Milne with

the other (younger!) Frederick in the saddle. Paying one dollar to show was Patterson as ridden by Breault.

Greasy Pole participants finished that event looking like fugitives from the Black Lagoon. So much axle grease was flying around that the Shell Oil Company sent in a survey party that day to check for a suspected gusher. Demetryus won that messy contest and Cummings was the runner-up.

In most of the true "athletic" events, points were given to count for the Athlete of the Day award. Five points were given for a first, three for a second and one for a third. When the final tally was made at the end of the day, Mike Duquesne had won the title with eighteen points. Coming second was Andy Anderson with thirteen points and, in third place, Red Milne with eleven.

Meanwhile, on the handball courts, two tournaments were run off for the people who have a collective grudge against little rubber balls. Singles were played first and the finals were won by Harry Foster (1st) and Bob McKnight.

In the doubles half of the tourney,, the team of Herb Handy and Harry Foster took the top spot and the duo of Bob McKnight and Mick Heald placed second.

The Weightlifters held their own field-day contest over behind the bleachers. Contestants were divided into three divisions; light, middle and heavy-weights; and were scored on the Hoffman method, the Bench Press and the Dead Lift.

Mick Heald took the light-weight division and Billy Knight placed second. The top middle-weight was Nadaw, with Les Doucette and Fabe Osborne taking second and third spots respectively.

Of the heavy-weights, Gord Mathews proved to be the lifting champion, Buddy Smith came second in that division and Kane placed third.

BASEBALL

On Saturday September 11, the Prison League Playoffs began. The opening game put the Mets at the Giants and resulted in the visiting team getting the first and only shutout of the season. The score was 4-0. Doug Sperry, pitching the entire nine innings for the Mets, surrendered only two hits. His balls were hurtling across that plate as if they were steel attracted to a magnet in the catcher's mitt! Russ Hobday, hurler for the Giants, was in good form too, but when the Mets hit him they made it count. The first run was not scored until the third when Johnny Larkin, just returned from his involuntary vacation, batted in Bobby Thibeault by singling to rightfield. Next inning, Doug Kruse fired off his third over-the-wall homer in two games while Mike Duquesne occupied second base. At the top of the eighth, Big Doug crossed the plate again as a Giant infielder mentally erred on a throw.

TWINS DOWN DODGERS

The second game that day pitted the Twins against the Dodgers, with the Twins earning the win by the score of 9-2. Bob McKnight started the Twins on the way to victory by scoring in the first. Joe Matwick added another run in the second, and Freddie Sweet, along with Ray Couchie, was batted in by Ray Savage the following inning. At the top of the fourth, Sweet singled to bring home both Tex Brown and McKnight. In the Dodger's half of the sixth John Lalonde took 50% of his team's score. Two innings later the Twins took their last three runs. First, Ollie Barker batted in McKnight with a double. Then Andy Anderson scored as Sweet flew-out and, finally, Barker came in on an error. At the bottom of the ninth, Wally Johnson was sent in with the other half of the Dodger's effort by Jean-Paul Rodrique Pitching the win was Ray Savage. The loss went to Lyle Chickloski.

Andy Anderson, Dave Pritchard, and Sam Cleveland jumping the Hurdles.

METS ADVANCE TO FINALS

In the afternoon of Sunday 12, the Mets defeated the Giants 7-2, thereby taking the best out of three semi-finals and forcing the Giants into retirement until next year. The scoring started in the third as Mets' third-baseman, Clare Longlad, came in on a throwing error. Another bad throw minutes later also provided the opening for Mike Armstrong to claim run number two. Three innings later, Doug Kruse made it 3-0 as he crossed the plate under cover of a hit by Jerry Upshaw. At the top of the seventh, Yorkie penetrated the shut-out barrier for the Giants as Ronnie Druce knocked him in with a single. Taking advantage of this momentary deflation of the Mets' spirits, Ronnie immediately came home off a hit by Ernie Coates. But, in the bottom of that inning, the Mets widened their lead with a further four runs. First in were Rocky Thibeault and Steve Benning as Doug Kruse bounced the ball off the south-east tower for a triple. Kruse then scored the next run on a bad throw. A further mis-aimed toss also served to bring in Upshaw. The final gesture of Giant defiance came from Harold St. Amour as he homered high over the left-field wall in the ninth. Pitching himself the win was Doug Sperry. Retiring to winter quarters was Russ Hobday.

TWINS TAKE OTHER SEMIS

On the eighteenth, the Dodgers and the Twins tangled in their second semi-final game. The Twins again took the win, this time by the decisive score of 12-3 which elevated them to the finals. At the bottom of the first, Bob McKnight and Andy Anderson both took runs the easy way — on a single bad throw. Immediately after that,

Some of the Booth Operators on Field Day.
Back Row: Billy Smith, Jim Huntington, Paul Franks, and Bob Cross. Front Row: Harold Newman, and Pat Berry.

Ray Couchie popped off a single to bring in Freddie Sweet. In the Dodgers' half of the second, Herb Handy snatched a run on a bad throw. Next inning Twins' catcher, Ollie Barker, pounded out a triple that sent in McKnight for his second time. Promptly, with Barker still on third, Freddie Sweet waved good-bye to his over-the-wall home run ball for the month. At the top of the fourth, Handy scored again as Stewy Lawrence clicked with a single. Same time next inning it was Herb's turn to do the batting-in, and he did, to bring home Cambell. In the Twins' half of that inning, Anderson came in off Barker's fly-out. At the bottom of the sixth, McKnight batted in Joe Matwick and Ray Savage scored on a wild throw. Finally, in the seventh, McKnight hit again to bring in Matwick and Savage, and Red Knight crossed the plate with the even dozenth run. Pitching his second playoff win was Savage. Aube took the loss.

THE LAST ROUND

The finals began in the afternoon of the 19th, with the Mets taking the first game from the Twins with a 6-4 score. At the bottom of the first John Larkin and Rocky Thibeault opened the way to victory as Clare

Longlad sent them both home with a double. Nothing further happened until the fifth when loaded bases and a walk added up to an easy run for Larkin. Rocky and Doug Kruse were two of those men on base and, as Bobby Thibeault clubbed a double, they both skidded safely across the plate. Finally for the Mets, Jerry Upshaw took run number six as Doug Sperry ground-out at the hands of the first baseman. In the seventh, all the Twins runs came at once. Charlie Stockwell started them off by doubling to send in Fred Sweet, then he was moved around himself as Red Knight singled to right field. Andy Anderson promptly brought Knight in with another double. The Twins' final effort came from Bob McKnight who knocked the single that enabled Joe Matwick to score. Pitching for the Mets as usual was Doug Sperry. Roy Boziack, substituting for Savage, took the Twins' loss.

METS TAKE PLAYOFFS

The last game of the finals was a tight 5-1 affair with the victory and the championship going to Rocky Thibeault's Mets. The winners started scoring in the opening minutes of the game as Johnny Larkin skittered across the plate off a single by Doug Kruse. The Twins' lonesome run was chalked up in the third when Ollie Barker pounded the ball far enough to let Andy Anderson hustle home. At the top of the eighth, Doug Kruse swung mightily and an over-the-wall homer was the result. Immediately after that, Doug Sperry clicked with the hit that sent in Jerry Upshaw. And, before the Mets retired that inning, Clare Longlad took run number four off the fly-out of Mike Armrtong. The final run of the game, of the series, and of the year was gained by Doug Kruse in the ninth. It is perhaps appropriate that this final gesture with a softball should have been a home run; a really well-smashed ball that one, for it was last seen vanishing over the cannery roof !! Pitching his fourth straight playoff win was Doug Sperry. The loss went to Ray Savage.

Here is a brief summary of all the "bests" and "firsts" in softball this year:

The GIANTS took the League Pennant. The METS took the Playoffs.

HERB HANDY took the batting championship with a final average of .450.

DOUG SPERRY was selected as the Most Valuable Player for his pitching record (E.R.A. 4.30), his fielding average (.883), and his batting average (.379).

RAY COUCHIE was voted the Rookie of the Year for his outstanding performance in centrefield (.888 F.A.), and for his record at bat (a .300 average).

IKE CRELLIAN was unanimously acclaimed the Man Who Contributed Most to Baseball this year; for his tireless efforts behind the scenes and for his work as scorekeeper at every Prison League and Saint game.

RUSS HOBDAY took the Pitching Record with an Earned Run Average of 4.23 and 9 wins to 7 losses.

BILLY ALBERTS scored the most runs for a total of 23.

FREDDIE SWEET had the most runs batted-in with 20.

HERB HANDY hit the most singles. — 29.

ERNIE COATES clicked with the most doubles — 8.

RAY COUCHIE tripled the most times — 3.

DOUG KRUSE homered over the wall more times than anyone else — 5.

These statistics do not, of course, include the Playoffs.

AND THAT'S THAT FOR ANOTHER BASEBALL SEASON!

The Warden's Diary

1847

From out of the past — from the time Kingston Penitentiary served what was known as Upper Canada — comes a day from another century. Each month the TELESCOPE brings you exerpts from the Warden's Diary. The only change from the original book are the Officer's names .....

I delivered the keys to the guard Duggan at four minutes after the hour of five o'clock. I saw Mr. Lorin and Mr. Gillen attend for morning prayer for the Reverends Mulkins and MacDonell. Saw the Deputy Warden come in good time for bell ringing. I saw the convicts pass out with buckets and proceed to their breakfast and numbers accounted for.

Inspector Dixon came to the institution shortly after breakfast and proceeded to conduct an inquiry into the conduct of guard Hugh. Convict Leo Holmes was brought to my office and Inspector Dixon examined him in the following manner which I have taken the liberty to report directly from the Inspector's personal notes.

Q. Have you seen guard Hugh lately the worse for liquor?

A. I saw him on Tuesday evening last. He was not very much so when I saw him, but he had been drinking. Some of the orderlies told me in the morning that he had got worse during the night.

Q. Can you name them?

A. Jimmy Ryan for one.

Q. Did you ever see guard Hugh taking any of the Proof spirits in the Hospital?

A. I never saw him but I know he did so.

Q. How do you know it?

A. Formerly there used to be a little Proof left out as medicine in case it should be required and this Proof used to disappear out of the bottle. I watched it along with Woodward, another orderly in the Surgery, and we found the wine glass standing near where the bottle was smelling of Proof. After noticing this, Woodward the following day put two grains of Tartar emetic in the bottom of the wine glass just previous to the Doctor going round, as we suspected Mr. Hugh to be the person who took it. I go round with the Doctor to take the prescriptions and Hugh remains in charge of the men on the list for examination who are seated on a bench near the Surgery door. All the orderlies belonging to the Surgery go with the Doctor as well as I. And Woodward therefore was with me, and guard Hugh is the only one in charge of the Surgery during the time

of the Doctor's visit. When we came back, we found the wine glass had been used and the Tartar emetic gone.

Q. Would not two grains of Tartar emetic be observed in a glass?

A. To prevent that, we wet the bottom of the glass with water and the Tartar emetic was dissolved.

Woodward remained outside to hand the medicine prescribed by the Doctor to the patients waiting on the bench by the Surgery door, and it is Mr. Hugh's duty to bring each man in as he is called for. Before Mr. Hugh was through with the men he complained to Woodward that he was sick at the stomach and he had to leave to go to the water closet to vomit. Of course, we concluded it was the operation of the Tartar emetic.

Q. When did this happen?

A. At some time in August, but I do not remember the day.

Q. Had you noticed the smell of Proof in the the glass frequently before that time and did you observe it after?

A. Frequently before that time. But after that circumstance I was afraid I might be blamed for taking it so I told Mr. McKay that the Proof was disappearing and he had better lock it up; which he did, and it remains locked up now. I said nothing to him about the dose of Tartar emetic.

At this point, convict Holmes was dismissed and the inquiry adjourned.

After Inspector Dixon left for town, the Reverend McDonell came to my office. I brought under his notice the convict Tom Olson supposed to be implicated in some diabolical plot. But on inquiry it turns out to be Owen Conlon and James Moffatt with others. I had convict Conlon brought to my office and he informed me of some plotting by Moffatt and an engineer to fire the institution in two or three places at the same time. I examined this but have not been able to make any discovery.

I attended to the punishments during the convicts' dinner hour. I sentenced convict L. Little to three dozen lashes with the cats and to be confined to the Dark Cells until further orders for very nearly succeeding at destroying his own life by hanging himself from a nail with a piece of cord in the backhouse of the Cabinet Shop this morning.

Convict Terry Peters also received three dozen lashes with the cats and to be confined to the Dark Cells 'til further orders for insubordinate conduct, resisting the authorities of the prison when ordered by the Deputy Warden to give up the tobacco he had in his possession. He said he would not, that he had worked hard for it and would keep it. When the guards were ordered to take it from him, he made all resistance to retain it.

I also sentenced Dave White, a troublesome convict, to five meals bread and water and two weeks in the Dark Cells for leaving his place of work without liberty, throwing a shovel full of dirt in convict Neil's face and laughing and talking.

I sentenced John Kolosky to be confined to the Dark Cells and two dozen lashes with the cats for acting insane and not going to work and accusing the officers of the institution with having taken his property.

In the afternoon, I attended to general office work. I then visited the Shops, the Dining Hall and the Hospital. Noticed convict Len Hoslins while in the Hospital—to my mind this convict is shaming and I must bring the matter to the attention of Dr. Sampson. While in the Female Prison, I spoke to Mrs. Walker the Matron, about the conduct of convicts Marls and Berry but no new notes have turned up yet.

TWO POEMS

YOUR LADY AND MINE

There are vultures hovering near all day,
At night the wolves bay at the moon;
You hear the yelping of the coyote pack,
You know they'll feast on you soon.
The desert sun is scorching your tongue,
As you sink in an ocean of fears;
But the sun is only your fever of need,
And the ocean is frustrated tears.
The Gods roar down in a thundering voice,
Their vengeance is about to begin;
They strip you of honour and manhood without,
Then heart and soul from within.
You cry out in vain at the burden you bear,
You weep from the sickness and pain;
You deliriously mutter, you babble and mumble,
And slowly you spell out her name.....
For somewhere out there is your lady love,
The gal of your hopes and your dreams:
The one who can end all the anguish you feel,
The exotic enchantess --- MISS MORPHINE!

--- Keven Rowe

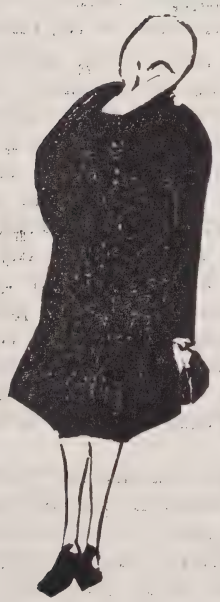
EXPECTANCY

Expectancy, you are a vicious seed,
For you gave birth to a tragic weed;
You fell into and fertillized in good, moist soil,
But then you developed into a festering boil.
I am the soil, and I created the seed,
Because, Expectancy, I had the need;
I thirsted, hungered, and I begged for love,
Sometimes I waited, but most often I shoved.
I did this to gain my happiness,
But more often than not, I gained only lonliness;
I searched night and day for someone to kiss,
I wandered through a life of sorrow looking for bliss.
Expectancy, you hovered in my mind,
Until I discovered a love of some kind;
Expectancy, you lingered and sent down your root,
Then I like a fool created love's first shoot.
Love then emerged out of my soul,
It leaped into the world good and whole;
But then I discovered that it breathed alien air,
And it died before it flowered; it withered there.
Expectancy, you are a vile and terrible seed,
You let me down when I had an overwhelming need;
Expectancy, you are a vicious seed,
For you gave birth to a tragic weed!

T. Thompson

A MOTHER'S REWARD

by Alan Baker



When Ethel Huggett came into the office where she clerked six days of the week, her immediate superior coughed to attract the attention of the other three employees in the room. Looking pointedly at the open newspaper on the desk before him, he said, "I'm awfully sorry to read about your son's arrest, Mrs. Huggett. Is there anything I can possibly do to help?"

"No, I don't think there is, Mr. Hardman," she said in a hushed voice. "We'll manage all right." And she walked to the back of the office where her desk was located behind a wall of filing cabinets.

Mr. Hardman rubbed his hand over his bald head and absentmindedly patted his swollen paunch as he shook his head. Knowing how sensitive these people were of being reminded of their failings, and of being offered charity, he did not follow up his gesture of good will. "Let 'em stew!" he muttered as he turned the newspaper to the society page.

From her position behind the barrier of cabinets, Mrs. Huggett heard the three spinster employees click their tongues as if on cue. She grew angry at first, but then she realized that it was their nature to do such things; to project their Puritan repressions; to exist as prim and proper pillars of ice; and to "tsk, tsk" at the weaknesses of the warmer elements of life. Then she felt pity for them. Because of the solitude of their "Ivory Towers" they had never received the love of anyone, not even the love of a boy gone wrong.

Mrs. Huggett sighed, and shrugged off the faded coat which hung almost to her ankles. It was a very old coat, and she was embarressed to wear it, but she knew it would have to do for another year at least. She hung it up with care. From the pocket she took

the sandwich which she had brought for lunch. Even though she had missed breakfast, she knew she probably wouldn't eat it. The shock of hearing that her son had been arrested had caused her a sleepless night and destroyed any appetite she might have had. She pushed the sandwich to the back of the drawer in her desk. It would probably remain fresh until tomorrow, she thought as she pulled a wire basket towards her began to go through the day's stack of invoices ...

She had been making her sandwich the night before when a knock came on the door. It had been her neighbour.

"Somebody's on th' phone for you, Effell," she said. "Says 'ees the police....."

Ethel's hands had felt numb as she wiped them off on her apron and went next door.

"Hello!" she said. "Who's this?"

"Hello, madam, this is Sergeant Cook of Totenham-Court Road station," said a voice, "I'm afraid I have some rather unfortunate news for you....."

Alfie had been taken into custody, he had told her, and charged with robbing a jeweller in the Kensington High Street. Three men in masks had done the job. They had used guns.

Were the other two men caught as well?

No, actually they weren't, but it wouldn't be long now. The area was still being combed for them.

Then he put Alfie on the phone.

"I didn't do it, Mum," he said.

"Then they'll let you go soon?"

"No, 'fraid not," he replied softly, "they got a case."

"What? They what?" she cried in confusion. "Tell me, son, what is it?"

"I was in the 'cinity ....." he paused "..... and I 'ad a gun."

"But you didn't rob the jeweller, did you?"

"No, Mum."

"Then they can't put you in Gaol — you can prove you're innocent!"

"No, I don't think so. Only a real good lawyer could do that!"

Mrs. Huggett had heard whisperings at the other end of the line. A moment later, Alfie said:

"I gotta go now, but don't worry, Mum, I'll make out some'ow.....bye...."

"Good-bye luv," she had managed to say in spite of the lump in her throat.

"Hello again, madam," said the metalic voice of the policeman. "I am required to tell you that the accused will be appearing in court tomorrow at 2 p. m. Frankly, though, there's not much point in your going. You see, there's nothing that you can do, really."

But Mrs. Huggett had already been lowering the receiver into its cradle.....

The slightly-greying, middle-aged woman put her pencil down and unthinkingly pushed the basket away. She suddenly felt very, very tired and ill. She needed to have a drink of water and a chance to dampen her face. Without glancing at any of the other workers, Mrs. Huggett rounded the cabinets and hurried out of the office.

The air in the corridor seemed much cooler than that in the office. Down at the end there was the public ladies room and when she reached it, it was deserted. She took a drink and then moving over to the sink she splashed the cold water onto her burning cheeks. As she dried herself before the mirror, she noticed how lined and aged her face had become. She was getting on now, she thought. In fact, if there had been any married children, she would have been a Gran by now. But there were none. There was only Alfie.....

"Mum, I got somefin for you!" yelled Alfie as he stood in the Kitchen door smiling sheepishly at his mother. It had been her birthday and the eight-year-old boy had been gone since before breakfast. She hadn't expected him to remember.

"Where 'ave you been, luv? You've 'ad me worried all day!"

He had walked up to her hiding something behind his back. "I've bin workin' to buy you a present, mum," he had murmured, "'ere 'appy birfday!"

She had taken the offered box of strawberries from his grimy hands and held it for a moment before she had set it carefully on the draining board next to the sink.

"Thank you, luv," she said, kneeling down to hug her son. "That's the best present anyone's ever given me."

He had pressed his face to her cheek and put his arms around her neck. His blond hair had fluffed into her nostrils, making them tickle. "They're all for you, mum," he had whispered shyly, "but if you want me to, I'll share 'em wiv you at tea....."

Yes, she could have been a Grandmother, but things hadn't worked out that way for her. Instead of being called "Daddy," Alfie was being called "thief!" Unaware that she had spoken out loud, she muttered, "I hope, for both our sakes, that he is innocent!"

Realizing that she had work to do, she made her way back to her desk. But she was unable to keep her mind on the work for long.

Alfie had only been eleven when his dad had died. It was of cancer and sudden. The older Alfred had been very close to his son; they had been grand friends. And the loss had hurt the boy deeply. Afterwards, he rarely talked of his dad at all and seemed to keep the memories he had of him buried deep within the thick, invisible shell where he remained alone. The boy was never the same after his father's death. As he grew older, he seemed to grow increasingly moody and less and less able to communicate with anyone. He seemed to get into all kinds of trouble too: out of one scrape and right into another. He was never mean or violent with anyone, but he often was guilty of breaking the law in its lesser parts. Many times, while still a child, policemen had brought him home for such misdemeanors as trespassing, or scrumping on peoples' property. But, later on, he had been getting picked up on suspicion of more serious crimes.

Mrs. Huggett had done everything she could think of to show him that the law could not be challenged. But she had little success, for nothing she said seemed to convince him that he must stop. He would tell her again and again that there would be no more trouble with him, but always there seemed to be the next time and a fresh batch of promises. She was helpless to reach him; to make him change his ways.

This time the trouble was bad! And Alfie needed her help. She reached into the pocket of her dress and pulled out her little, blue bank book.....

At the age of forty-seven, after her husband's death, she had been forced to support both herself and the boy. There had been no insurance money and their nest egg had been small. And since she lacked the qualifications to get a proper job, she had to begin to attend school. So she studied at night and just managed to pay her way by taking in washing during the day. She also charred for an executive couple every Sunday. After a long year, she was qualified as an accountant's clerk. Getting a job proved to be just as difficult because of her age, but in the end, she had been taken on at the office where she was presently employed. Alfie had still been in school then. He stayed for only one more year.

"I've 'ad it mum," he said then, "I can't take it no longer. I'm gonna go to work."

And all her protestations were in vain.

He got a job, but he didn't keep it for long. Nor the second; nor the ones after that. He couldn't work. He was always moody, and brooding about something all of the time. And he was quick to anger if his employer tried to

exert any authority over him; consequently, each time his temper flared he was fired. No employer wanted a man like that around. After a time, he started to hang out at the sleezier of the neighbourhood pubs during the day while his mother worked. But he didn't rely on her to support him; he was always able to come up with money of his own, from somewhere.

"I bets on meself when I plays darts," he explained. "And I usually wins."

Whether this was the truth or not his mother did not know. But, regardless of what he did outside, his consideration for her did not change. There was always a little something for her in his pocket when he came home. One day it was a tiny, heart-shaped brooch, another, a cold bottle of cider. It was the only way he knew how to show that he cared for her. He bought presents and never saved any of the money he got. To him, there was no reason to save money ..... tomorrow would look after itself.

The blue book represented all that Mrs. Huggett had saved in the past five years. It showed deposits totalling almost four hundred pounds. This was all she possessed in the world. Just four hundred pounds, and she an old woman due to retire soon. When that money was gone there would be no more. She wouldn't have time to save it up again. But Alfie had to have a lawyer, or else he might go to prison. And a good lawyer would charge a great deal of money.

She closed and held the book as she rested her chin on her hands. She had fostered a dream ever since childhood while growing up in the slums of Brixton; a dream of living in a little, yellow and brown cottage somewhere in the country. Once more she visualized her dream house and thought that it would be a wonderful place to live when it was time to push the working years behind her. She had in fact seen such a dreamy little house only a short time ago. The four hundred wouldn't buy the place, but it would pay the rent for many, many years. She knew that, for the Land Agent she had looked up had given her an estimate.

The house she had seen had a thatched roof and just one cosy little room inside. There were ivy plants climbing up trellises on the walls and crocuses peeking over the door step. The air seemed to be filled with the trilling of larks as they fluttered through the branches of the blooming pear trees which grew all around the house. It was indeed, the home of her dreams. And the four hundred pounds in the bank could make this dream come true ..... Her gaze had been resting on the golden crest on the bank book and suddenly she became aware of it once more. Just four hundred .....

"Mrs. Huggett! *Missess Hugg—ett!*" called someone outside of her dream world.

She raised her eyes and involutarily jumped at the sight of Mr. Hardman standing before her desk.

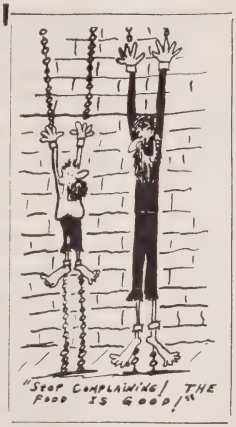
"There is an error here, Mrs. Huggett," he said pointing a stubby finger at the sheet of paper he held tightly grasped in his hand. "One and tuppence is missing from the petty cash record!" he added, speaking through tightly drawn lips. His fat body seemed to shake from pent up anger.

"Oh, I'm very sorry sir," she said dropping her eyes away from his glassy stare. "I'll correct it as soon as I can."

"See that you have it done before lunch time!" he said sharply, strutting away satisfied with himself. He had noted her earlier extended stay in the ladies room and he wasn't about to start putting up with that nonsense. He felt that you had to let these people know that business came first; their private problems could not be tolerated to interfere with the efficiency of the office.

Ethel quickly found the error and inserted the correct figure into the ledger. Lunchtime was very close .....

Now that she had a chance to look back, she saw that the pubs had turned Alfie into a mere shadow of a boy. He came and went about the house like a spectre, not even eating when he ought. Strange people accompanied him home — quiet and withdrawn people. Young men with sallow complexions and expensive suits called at the door. Older men called too. But these people usually phoned him first and then met him under the lamp post on the street below her bedroom window. And there were girls too. He brought the odd one home once in a while. They were the ones who swore easily, all the time smokin, and usually smelled of cheap perfume. She could just imagine what they were like. Always calling him Al and everything. At such times, she felt like saying things to him, advising him or something; but that was a father's job and Alfred had been dead a long time now.



She had tried to tell him that he should change his ways — to find new friends — but he would just nod his head and carry on doing the same things. It worried her sick, but what could she have done? Yet, until now, there had never been any real trouble and he had always been as good to her as she could possibly hope for him to be. What could she have done.....?

It was lunch hour and the three old maids gathered up their coats and purses and hustled out of the office. Ethel thoughtfully struggled into her old coat and slowly followed them out into the street. She didn't bother taking her sandwich with her. The street was slick from a heavy rain that had only recently stopped falling and the cars went by on softly hissing tires. She felt very lonely. People hurried past, anxious to get to their destinations before the rain began to fall again; following invisible, but certain paths. Suddenly, she realized that she too had somewhere to go; a destination to reach before the rain fell. Almost of their own volition, or so it seemed, her worn, old shoes struck the pavement with irrevocable purpose. They seemed to know where Ethel Huggett wanted to go. And the bank book in the palm of her hand grew sticky as she walked.

She wondered if the duties of a mother were ever fulfilled. And whether or not she had done right by Alfie. No, she knew then that a mother's job was never done and, although she had done her best with the boy, she had failed somewhere. Now she must take up her duties again. The dream of the cottage shrunk in her mind until it faded from her thoughts. The memories of work, and hardship, and worry evaporated into half-buried recollections that were of no value to her any more. She could think only of Alfie and the fact that he needed her help; her son was in trouble! He was all that mattered now. The dreams that counted were not of cottages and crocuses, they were of her son's happiness. Against the memory of a box of strawberries, the uses of four hundred pounds came to nothing. Good or bad, Alfie was the child she had been given to love. He was the reward life had granted to her and she knew then that he was enough .....

Ethel suddenly felt the weight of indicision lifted from her mind. Her step quickened and she walked more erect and proud in her shabby coat. The years seemed to slip off her haggard face and once again her eyes sparkled, her cheeks blushed with excitement, and the beauty of her youth shone through again. She was on her way to hire a lawyer — one of the best that money could buy — for Alfie; for her son!

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER

by M. Dzikowicz

The truth of the matter is, we need help. Some of us say," if only I had my life to live again." How often those words have been repeated in prison. It isn't countable. You hear it day in and day out. If these people would just stop and think, if my life were to be lived over, would I take the path to an institution again? This question will remain unanswered for years to come. It seems though every-time you hear this phrase, you're thrust back into the deep freeze of the past. All dim memories coming into the light of your mind and focussing on your stored-up past. Then, all of a sudden you're awakened to the harsh reality of the situation you're in: Hey, no....." Do up your shirt! Button your coat! Get in single file!" All this produces reality and breaks into your solitude like an axe splitting dry wood. Problems and more problems. They just seem to add up, day after day, week after week, month after month, and finally into oblivion if one makes it that way.

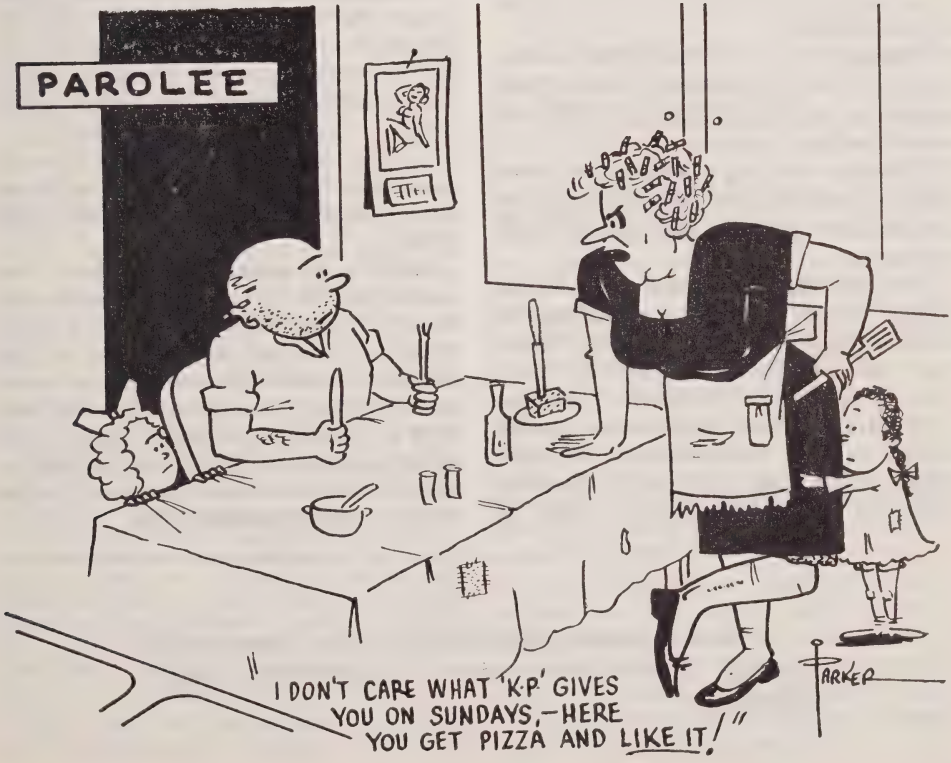
This is the life of a convict, not every convict, but the percentage is quite high. Take this example and there are many, as it occurs every day: "Come on Bill, let's get this job done. "The curt answer is: "Can't you guys leave me alone for just five minutes?" Some officers would be writing out an offence report, saying this inmate is incorrigible and antisocial. On the other hand, some may just look bewildered and try to understand. This man if one of the above-mentioned percentage of the prison population. He lives in a world of his own making and partly of the administration's.

It seems the "Outsider" is never wanted or accepted into a convict's world of steel bars, authority and his own escapism. I guess you could say the reasoning goes, "Who are you, what do you want, what do you know about my problems, so get out of my life!" Stark but true! He doesn't know. There are a lot of people willing to help ex-convicts regain their footage, but when it comes to the inner turmoil of a person's mind that has been subjected to despair, loneliness, heartache and a prison sentence, they are lost, completly baffled, for they don't know how to deal with this matter, as they have never experienced this before. Some have, but the number is few. There is professional help that can be sought once an inmate has been released, but there is the ever-present problem of financing this venture.

The next sequence that happens is "What am I doing here, where did I go wrong?" So you see, the answer lies within one's self. The prison psychiatrist and psychologist are here to help but that is only two in a population exceeding the eight hundred mark. Some of the answer lies there, but it is mostly an emotional problem that the inmate has to clear up by himself.

A different point of view is that there are inmates that help themselves. Some do hobbycraft such as leatherwork, coppercraft, gift cards, etc. The main helpfulness in the institution comes from school. There are DVA and ODE courses and classroom teaching. Some men have finished high school and gained their first year of university. Some of these ex-convicts hold prominent positions now, and are successful and happy, but these are few and far between. Of course the reader has heard of the "guy that never gets caught and lives in luxury, but as I said before, few and far between. The real successful inmate is the one that knew he was at the fork of the road that said, "Fulfillment or humiliation?"

The main point today will always be the understaffing in prison administration, not necessarily guards but the help of psychologist and psychiatrists who can understand and help the inmate with the problems he has "inside" to prepare him for the future ahead. The tomorrow for a convict is the same as yesterday and today, except it can be changed, if the one person wants it changed. No one else is really as responsible as the man himself.



FINLAND'S OPEN PRISONS.

According to the latest report in Finland's penal procedures by Valentin Soine, Director General of Prison Administration, Finland has finally uncovered a reasonable solvent in the prevention of crime and the treatment of offenders.

Beginning in 1946, Finland initiated the first open prison system. Known as labour colonies, the institutions were designed to treat first offenders, who were physically able to work and were serving terms of 1 year or less. Also, offenders could be sentenced to labour colonies by the court or transferred there from an institution: however, they must indicate a wish to be sent to one of the colonies.

During the year 1963, 2,806 prisoners were sent to colonies directly from the court and an additional 2,864 were transfers from prisons.

Prisoners serving a sentence of more than 6 months are conditionally released after serving one-half of their sentence.

The average time spent in a labour colony is four months — including the terms of those transferred from prisons. And, the average term spent in prison prior to conditional release is 7 months.

Eighteen labour colonies are spread across Finland. Seventeen are for male offenders and one for female offenders. Eight of the labour camps work on road construction, six for lumber work, one is a saw mill, and two for the specific task of airport construction. The women's colony is engaged in weaving, sewing, and laundry work.

The majority of colonies were built to accommodate 30 prisoners. However, four larger ones were constructed, with the largest holding 200 men.

Unknown to the United States' penal system is the fluctuation of usage of prisons. In Finland the government only keeps open the amount of prisons which are required to house the prison population — and the rest are closed.

A fact the United States or Canada has never been able to boast of doing since penal servitude came into existence.

Results of open prisons show that more than 50 percent of Finland's prisoners reside in institutions without walls — without an increase in the number of prisoners confined in maximum prisons. Also, in one year the percent of offenders sentenced to two years or more dropped 1.7 percent in 1962 — and the number has continued to decrease each successive year.

How desperately difficult it is to be honest with oneself. It is so much easier to be honest with other people.

Bills of Interest Before Congress

Six bills of importance and interest to the American and Canadian Correctional Association were recently introduced by Congressman Seymour Halpern of New York and Congressman Thomas L. Ashley of Ohio.

Congressman Halpern, on January 18, 1965, sponsored H.R. 2979, "A Bill to Enable the Courts More Effectively to Deal with the Problem of Narcotic Addiction" which in Sex. 3 (a), under the head of "Proceedings Before Court," provides:

"Any eligible person charged with a violation of a Federal penal law relating to narcotics, other than the sale or other transfer of narcotics, shall, upon being brought before a committing magistrate, be informed that the prosecution of the criminal charge will be held in abeyance if the eligible person chooses to submit to an immediate examnation to determine if he is a drug user. He shall be further informed that if he makes such an election and it is found that he is a drug user, and the court so orders, he shall then have to submit to a mandatory civil commitment. At the request of the eligible person, or on the order of the court, he may be permitted a maximum of five days subsequent to his being brought before a committing magistrate in which to make this election and he shall be informed of his right to such a dalay. In the absence of such timely election, except upon a showing of substantial reasons why the election could not timely be made, the eligible person will be barred from such an election after precribed period; or, if he chooses not to so elect, he will be barred from doing so thereafter. If the eligible person elects consideration for civil commitment, he shall remain under the custody of the United States marshal or he placed under the custody of the Surgeon General, as the court may direct, for the purposes of an approprited medical examination, for a period not exceeding ten days."

H.R. 2980 was introduced the same day by Congressman Halpern to be cited as the "Narcotic Addict Hospital Facilities Act." This Bill is "to provide for the general welfare by assisting the States, through a program of grants-in-aid, to establish and operate special hospital facilities for the treatment and cure of narcotic addicts."

Also, on the same day, Congressman Halpern introducer H.R. 3033, a Bill "to permit wiretapping by an authorized Federal officer engaged in the investigation of illegal importation of narcotic drugs into the United States." to be cited as the "Federal Narcotic Interception Act."

In the Congressional Record of January 26, 1965, Congressman Ashley summarized three Bills he had introduced on the reform of bail procedures, as follows: ....

RELEASE ON RECOCOGNIZANCE

"The first Bill provides that any person charged with an offense against the United States shall be admitted to bail on his personal recongnizance if he is otherwise qualified, and except for good cause shown to the contrary. Any court of the United States or the District of Columbia admitting persons to release on their personal recognizance may set reasonable conditions deemed necessary to assure the accused's appearance at time of trial. This measure also provides appropriate penalties in cases where the accused fails to honor the terms of his release."

Credit for Pretrial Confinement

"The second Bill provides that persons convicted of offenses against the United States receive credit toward their sentence term for time they spent in custody prior to the imposition of sentence by the sentencing court. ....

"Under existing law, credit for pretrial confinement is provided only in cases where the law requires a mandatory minimum sentence. Thus, where the minimum sentence is discretionary, there is no assurance that credit for pretrial confinement will be provided."

Fiction

THE YOUNG BUGLER

T. Thompson

In the mid-September night, every now and then, windfalls dropped from the orchard trees and landed with muffled bumps on the thick grass. In the early morning, before the dawn began to break, a small broken twig, left miraculously clinging to a branch since early Spring, fell swift and unseen; it struck him as cruelly as a slap in the face, jerking the sleeping boy upright. He clamped his teeth against the scream that leaped up in his throat. Then he managed to gain control of himself and his panic subsided. In silence, he listened to his heart resume its normal beat.

Shivering from the chill of the night, he pulled up his knees and wrapped his arms tightly about his legs. He rested his chin on his knees and thought of the ordeal he must face at dawn. Slowly his body warmed and

In Thailand, less than ten per cent of the prison inmates are repeat offenders. In Canada's federal penitentiary system, over seventy per cent of the inmates are recidivists. How does Thailand succeed where we have failed? In an attempt to find out, we compared the Canadian system to the —

Prisons of Thailand

Thailand, in underdeveloped South East Asia, has a prison system amazingly like Canada's federal set-up. And even more amazing, Thailand's system has been in effect since 1932 — which is six years before the Archambault Report roundly condemned Canada's oppressively punitive penitentiary system, and twenty years before anything was done in Canada to improve the system.

Prior to 1932, Thailand was an absolute monarchy under the rule of King Rama the Fifth and the prisons were administered by royal command or permission. Obviously, Wardens and senior officials were changing almost as frequently as the inmates. Confinement and punishment were the sole objectives of the penal system at that time. Then came the *People's Party of Revolutionists* and the beginning of democratic government for Thailand.

High on the new government's list of needed improvements was a modernized penal system with a program of rehabilitation rather than punishment. Information was scarce, but there were a few English pamphlets on the subject and a report from the League of Nations (predecessor of the U.N.) with recommendations from the International Penal and Penitentiary Commission.

A Department of Corrections was set up and a new Penitentiary Act drafted for Thailand. Within four years the new system was in operation. "Confinement was not enough," the government proclaimed, "we must make useful citizens of our prison inmates."

And, to an exceptional degree, they seem to have succeeded. Less than ten per cent of the inmates of Thailand's prisons are repeaters. When you compare that with Canada's rate of more than seventy per cent recidivism, it becomes clear that they are doing something right in that poor, semi-illiterate, South East Asian country.

There are vast economic and cultural differences between Thailand and Canada. Politically there are different jurisdictional problems to be met in developing an effective, nation-wide system of corrections. But while the Thai's made their move within four years of attaining self-rule, Canada

allowed decades to slip by after the Archambault Commission of 1938 and it is only within the last five years that any progress has been made.

How did Thailand succeed ? And can we benefit from their experience ?

The first question can be partially answered by Mr. Salab Visudhimark, Warden of the Klong Phai Central Prison and Superintendant of the Security Training Center, Department of Corrections in Bangkok, Thailand. Mr. Visudhimark visited this penitentiary in June and during his tour, conducted by Assistant Deputy Warden D.J. Chinnery, Mr. Visudhimark was shown to the palatial penthouse office of THE TELESCOPE, where he was invited to pull up a box and sit.

Most impressed with our publication, Mr. Visudhimark took the time to answer some questions and later, as promised, he sent a statistical brief on the Thailand prison system to our office. We will quote from this at considerable length as we certainly do not feel we can improve on it.

The second question we can only attempt to answer. To decide whether or not we can benefit from Thailand's experience, it is necessary to draw parallels between Canada and that country. At first glance this would seem impractical. There's tiny little Thailand with about twenty-one million people crowded into it and twenty-five thousand of its citizens are in prisons. And then there is Canada, a huge country with twenty-one million people spread all over it. And about twenty-five thousand of these Canadians are in jail, too. Including us, of course.

These figures are only approximate: but close enough for our purposes. They include all persons in jail — not only federal penitentiaries, but right on down to the police cells. One of Thailand's major advantages is that there is only one authority over all prisons, whereas Canada has three power centers: *County* jails; *Provincial* reformatories; and *Federal* penitentiaries.

Thailand's prison authority is the Department of Corrections which is a branch of the Ministry of the Interior — not the Justice Department. There are seven Central Prisons spread throughout the provinces of the kingdom. (There is still a monarch, as in England.) Convicts are confined here for long terms: sentences over ten years. Most Central Prisons also carry out executions within their walls (see box) and all convicts who have been convicted on a previous occasion are sent to these prisons — unless their sentence is less than one year.

Female prisoners are also confined in some of the Central Prisons. Disappointingly, they are thoroughly segregated.

There are then five regional prisons with larger inmate populations where sentences of one to ten years are served. For those decreed to be habitual offenders, there is a House of Relegation. The name aptly describes what happens to a "habitual" in Canada, but is not quite so apt for Thailand.

Quoting Mr. Visudhimark: "The House provides corrective measures for them through vocational, educational and *moral* programs and trains them to live peacefully on release." It seems sensible that if a man is to be imprisoned because he is deemed to be an habitual criminal, he should be given a chance to break the "habit" by being taught to live properly.

On the other end of the scale, there are separate institutions for Youth Offenders. The inmates here are in the 18 to 25 year old group and have sentences of one to five years. A separate — and apparently effective — rehabilitation program is laid down for the Youth Institutions. New techniques are applied, special group treatments are given; all with the purpose of correcting behaviour, not punishing the offender.

There are also two open institutions in Thailand. This would be roughly comparable to Beaver Creek at Grav-

Mr. Salab Visudhimark is Warden of a prison in Thailand and Superintendent of the Security Training Center in Thailand's Department of Corrections. He is touring Canada and the United States on a United Nations Fellowship to study Social Welfare and Social Defence —— with special emphasis on the prison systems. He is keenly interested in helping prisoners reform. Mr. Visudhimark stopped in at Kingston Penitentiary in June and we were given an opportunity to interview this mild, self-effacing little man. By little, we mean physically: he is less than five feet tall —— much less. Capital punishment being currently a hot issue in Canada, this topic came up. Thailand, it seems, still executes persons.

"Do you hang your prisoners?" we asked.

"No." replied Mr. Visudhimark, "I machine-gun them."

Startled, and because his spoken English is not perfect, we corrected, "You mean your executioner machine-guns them?"

"Oh, no!" he insisted. "I do it."

And he does. As Warden it is part of his job.

enhurst, Ontario, or Williams' Head in British Columbia. (Canada has several others of this type.) The process of being "promoted" to an open prison is much the same in Thailand as in Canada.

Mr. Visudhimark's report says:

"Trustworthy and good conduct prisoners are transferred from other prisons to these institutions with the aim of training the prisoner to be responsible to the group in which he lives. The life of the prisoners is made to resemble more closely the circumstances of a normal life. They are encouraged to use the freedom accorded them without abusing it. This helps the process of social re-adjustment when they resume ordinary life after release."

There can be no fault with that reasoning. It is, in fact, precisely the tone of the directives made by the Canadian Commissioner of Penitentiaries, A. J. MacLeod, when he initiated Canada's present expansion and improvement program on the federal level in 1961. And it is precisely the thinking which many Canadians have called "mollycoddling". The fact that it reforms some prisoners is irrelevant to these people.

There has also been opposition by the Canadian public to a new *treatment* center for drug addicts to be opened in British Columbia (where the largest addict population in Canada is situated). Since 1937, Thailand has had Medical Correctional Institutions, where "treatment for drug addicts — especially those addicted to heroin — is provided.' These institutions are also equipped to handle any "serious medical cases" that are found in the other prisons. Inmates are transferred for treatment and convalescence.

There are seventy Provincial and District Jails in Thailand, where a prisoner may serve a sentence of no

There is one very unique type of prison in Thailand. It is strictly for "hooligans". To be arrested as a hooligan, you don't have to commit a crime —

more than one year. In addition, there are twenty-five farm camps attached to the Regional and Central Prisons — again parallel to the Canadian set-up.

Houses of Confinement are for pre-trial detention — the county jails of Thailand. Persons serving time in lieu of a fine are also kept in these jails. The fine, unlike Canada, is a standard 5 baht or 25 cents per day. Although the fine may vary, say 5 baht to 5000 baht, the rate of payment is at five baht per day. In Ontario, a fine may be $500 or thirty days, or $10.00 or thirty days. In the former case, each day served in prison diminishes the fine by $16 plus, and in the latter case each day is worth 33¢.

If we have people in our jails serving 30 days for a lack of ten dollars — and we do — then it is reasonable to suppose that Thailand has more persons in similar straights. Twenty-five cents is harder to come by in Asia than a dollar in North America.

Women offenders created a special problem in Thailand. Originally confined in segregated quarters in the Central Prisons, it was realized that they could not be transferred to open prisons even if their conduct and status merited such a transfer. The answer is obvious to a Canadian, but women occupy a different position in society in Thailand. Mr. Visudhimark's report makes special and prideful mention of a "Women's Correctional Institute, supervised entirely by women correctional staff". The total number of female convicts rarely exceeds four hundred in any given year and the majority of these are now in this "special prison". (And come to think of it, where is Canada's new female prison ?) Again, the program of correction is geared to the unique needs of the female prisoners and is necessarily different from the programs in the male prisons.

And, finally, there is one very unique type of institution in Thailand. It is strictly for "hooligans". To be termed a "hooligan" you don't have to commit an offence. Neither does it imply juvenile delinquents as we know them.

Although the report is somewhat vague as to how a citizen gets "arrested and identified" as a hooligan, it would appear that a hooligan is a cross between an alcoholic and a person who is unwilling to work: a fringe member of society who, in America, lives on the fringe benefits.

Not so in Thailand. He goes to a special institution and he works. But it is again not intended to be punitive. Thailand's society simply wishes to reduce its relief roles and increase national productivity.

Hooligans are given vocational training (usually agricultural) and are provided with moral guidance. When they show signs of character reformation, they are given 15 rais — about 5 acres — of land to farm. They are allowed to take their families to live with them and are given a government loan of 2,000 baht ($100) to cover the cost of food, tools and lodging until they get on their feet as independent producers.

Thailand's system of correction begins with a rigid segregation of in-

PENOLOGISTS SPEAK OUT!

"Three groups of people know that the modern prison system is an utter failure. The wardens and law enforcement people know it, psychiatrists know it, and prisoners know it."

Carl Menninger, M.D.

"Many first offenders, after their first week of jail, could possibly be safe parole risks *AT THAT TIME*. They've been jolted and they don't want any more of it."

William G. Long,
Superior Court Judge,
Seattle, Washington.

"Prisons do punish. They always have and always will. The law states that this is to be so. Judges affirm it from the bench; and prisoners learn it first hand. Let the puplic make no mistake about this."

John C. Burke, ex-Warden,
Wisconsin State Prison.

"There are 120 adult prisoners in the U.S. for every 1,000 of the general civilian population - a record that cannot be matched anywhere else in the world. It is a fact that we cannot be proud of."

Director James V. Bennett,
Federal Bureau of Prisons.

"It has become almost axiomatic to say that a man becomes a criminal not by his first offence, but by his first imprisonment. He has become a jailbird, and that is how society looks at him, with very rare exceptions, when he is released."

"If society doesn't want to meet that man again in five or ten or twenty years at the wrong end of a gun, it had better study the needs, fears, drives, and pathologies of that man and its own evils that helped create them. It had better give him a real second chance. Society will have to decide whether it wants animalistic revenge or a solution of crime. It cannot have both."

Donald P. Wilson,
"My Six Convicts".

"The first prison I ever saw had inscribed on it: 'Cease To Do Evil - Learn To Do Well.' But the inscription was on the outside and the prisoners couldn't read it."

"If the system (prison) had a good effect on any prisoners, I failed to mark it. I have no shadow of doubt of its power to demoralize, or of its cruelty. It appears to me not to belong to this time or civilization at all. My main argument here is that we not only do not deter, but that we actually make over our criminal to crime. It may appear that I have no good word to say for our prison system - I have not. I think it creates a criminal class, and directly fosters recidivism, that our method is dead and done with, and in need of decent cremation."

Mary Gordon,
"Penal Discipline."

"Confinement in itself is punishment whether for a day or forever, but confinement need not be without hope or a chance to remake shattered lives."

Clinton T. Duffy,
Warden, San Quentin.

"U.S. prison sentences, among the stiffest in the world, are often so severe and inflexible they destroy incentive for good behaviour or rehabilitation many penologists assert.

"Wide variations in sentences where one man gets ten years to life for armed robbery, while the man in the next cell gets off with a one-year sentence for committing the same offence, cause bitterness among prison inmates and plant the seeds of hatred against the social system which put them behind bars."

Judge Samuel S. Leibowitz.

Excellent and Interesting

Enclosed, please find $2 in cash to pay for a two-year extension of my subscription to your magazine.

Many thanks. I shall look forward to receiving future issues of your excellent and interesting magazine.

It has occured to me that if you are interested in soliciting new subscribers to your magazine, that you might want to write to the departments of Sociology in various universities in the United States and Canada. I think that many department chairmen might be interested in subscribing for their university libraries.

with all best wishes,
George Cuomo,
Dept. of English,
California State College,
Hayward, California.

Thank you for your suggestion. Will do. Ed.

Luck and Success

Good luck and success with your magazine.

Yours truly,
George Chippendale,
Montreal, Quebec.

Thanks, we need it! Ed.

Send me two magazines

Please find enclosed a cheque, plus exchange, for two separate yearly subscriptions to your excellent magazine. Illness has prevented the earlier renewal of my own subscription.

If the rates have gone up, please let me know, and I will forward what I owe.

Thanking you, and with all best wishes.

Yours sincerely,
Dorothy B. Vincent,
Toronto, Ontario.

Sorry to hear that you've been ill. Telescope cost only $1. per year and you're all paid up. Thanks. Ed.

My Sympathies

Sorry to hear of all your publication problems. Keep up the good work.

Sincerely,
Richard Holland,
Flint, Michigan.

We've had more since: paper shortages. Hope you will continue to bear with us. Ed.

Congratulations

So glad you reminded me about my subscription to the Telescope. I am enclosing my cheque for $1.15 for a year's renewal.

Having retired from business, I am no longer the Co-ordinator for the local John Howard Society, but am still a director and much interested in the work.

I enjoy the magazine very much and offer my congratulations to your staff.

Sincerely,
N.L. Lesueor,
Sarnia, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

Please send me your latest copy of the K.P. Telescope — the one that makes something of Kenneth Bognell's attempt to crack the hard centre of established procedure in penology. At least to tell the layout Christian denomination in Canada where the vein of hardness is to be found. It is little use for individuals to try to help out these situations if organized help is not available from which to launch public participation. Mr. Bognell has certainly provided both sides a chance to get up and declare that many of our correctional behaviour in penitentiaries — as elsewhere in the light of the new human sciences — are indefensible morally. Certainly indefensible in the rules and sayings of the founder of the Christian religion: Jesus Christ.

He points out the Archambault Commission in 1938 with it's 88 specific and drastic charges have been ignored as was the inquiry under Justice Fauteux in 1956. So where do the builders of

the cells without windows get their authority for proceeding with such damnation under a so-called enlightened society?

Then where do we strike to amend ideas that the majority of Canadians—churched or unchurched despise?

Christ's way was to keep speaking to the rock. The rocky Establishment, and so Mr. Bognell assures us, it is not the upper rungs of said establishment we need to crack; it is the hard core, centre of petty officialdom, who aren't in fact famous for reading, thinking or speaking. Probably most of them won't even see the article of United Church Observer, Aug. 1965. We figure it is your business to attract their attention.

Edmond Cahn in Harper's magazine, Nov. 1961, gives another clue to why Mr. Bognell's pleas may take little root.

What are the simple facts? Not about creeds, dogmas and theological beliefs but about the extent of rightiousness wisdom and altruism inside the churches. What shall we say of them?

Now, perhaps the specifice congregation or parish to which you belong is very close to perfect, all gifts for it's support are made anonymously, and the donors, in order to enjoy the full beauty of religious sacrifice, do not deduct their contributions for tax purposes. Your own clergyman may be a saintly man who spurns rich people and prefers the poor; he is so pure in fact that the most vicious malefactors coming within his aura, tearfully assign a reasonable percentage of their net gains, both past and future, to holy causes.

The ladies of your congregation are ascetically indifferent to clothes, material possessions, and social status; they steadfastly decline to gossip. The children in your religious school are all dainty little pre-Freudian disseminators of sweetness and light. All this we can grant. But, what of the other congregations and parishes in your denomination, and what of all the other denominations?

Having said all this, to blame others for your sins is also indefensible under the Christian religion, but correctional systems are the responsibility of every Canadian citizen. Who will deliver us from our inabilities and blindness here? May God Himself deliver us from this evil, it seems beyond human understanding.

Enclosed is $1.00 for my subsciption to your magazine.

Sincerely,
F. Lett,
9407-12 St. S.W.,
Calgary, Alberta.

It's a Great, Wee Magazine

Very sorry! I have been home in England for a long vacation — following an operation — hence the delay with my subscription fee.

Enclosed $1.

I do enjoy the Telescope. It's a great, wee magazine.

Yours truly,
Marcelle New,
Toronto, Ontario.

Can You Help Me To Assist Others ?

I hope that this letter reaches someone on your staff who has been associated with your magazine for some time. I am doing one year in Oakalla prison and I have been charged under the Habitual Criminal Act. This charge was dismissed last week. Now I am associated with a lot of young inmates here and I would like to help some of them.

Would someone try to recall an article and send me a copy of a short story that was published in your magazine whose title was something like: "ASK THE OLD GREY HAIRED GUY, HE KNOWS." This story went on to depict how a young man gets started in crime, and while in prison plots a big score and eventually winds up being an old grey haired man sitting in the shade of the wall inside the penitentiary. And while he is sittng there he see's the young men who are beginning to plot "their" big score. This story was in your magazine about four years ago I would guess. Also another story by Tommy Thompson, which appeared about two years ago. This one describes the inmates in jail who do not better themselves through education mostly just grow older, rather than "grow up."..

I feel that someone on your staff will remember me and try to help me with this request.

Also send anything of that sort which could be beneficial to this group of young inmates here.

Would you kindly reply as soon as possible.

Yours respectfully,
Omer (Henry) Leblanc
Oakalla Prison,
British Columbia.

We do remember you Henry, and will send along both stories as soon as possible. We are also putting your name on our mailing list. We certainly hope that this will help all those young lads Ed.

Cancel Subscription

This is to advise that I do not wish to renew my subscription for another year to the Telescope.

Yours truly,
F.V. Dedrick, Sheriff,
County of Norfolk,
Simcoe, Ont.

Pennies From Heaven

Relax! Here come "Pennies from Heaven"! Not only do I wish to renew my subscription to the Telescope for one year, but also send an extra dollar to fill in your loss until such time as Reverend R.D. Goodrich meets Our Lord on the road to Damascus.

Could you please send me a list of all our other Canadian penal magazines and their addresses?

I used to subscribe to most of them, including the U.S.A. penal magazine: Presido. But, strangely enough, I cannot remember any of their addresses.

Thank you.
Bye for now,
Yours as Ever,
Mrs. J.R. Douglas,
North Surrey, B.C.

Thank you for the extra money as we can always use it. And we'll see that you get a list of the names and addresses of all of the Canadian publications and some of the penal mags. from the States. Ed.

PUZZLE ANSWERS

Across	Down
1. Nice	1. Nile
5. T.L.J.	2. Iran
12. Iron	3. Coca Cola
13. Hia	4. ENE
14. Ooid	5. Through
15. Lace	6. Lieu
16. Renounce	7. Janns
18. Ena	8. Lou
19. Found	9. Aone
20. Eel	10. Nice
21. Clou	11. Edel
23. Sae	17. Odal
25. Apology	19. Foo
28. Ladle	22. Llama
32. Cola	24. Eager
33. Her	25. Act
35. Gaut	26. Por
36. Tramp	27. Yes
38. Seventh	29. Banister
40. Aet	30. Lut
42. Siri	31. Eth
43. Aba	34. Resolve
46. Senor	37. Pest
48. Sal	39. Vir
51. Cocktail	41. Teals
53. Stew	43. Acid
54. Inre	44. Bona
55. Lav	45. Acre
56. Aero	47. Nias
57. Daer	49. Aera
58. Sse	50. Lwow
59. Draw	52. Ker
	53. Sad

THE WINDING ROAD

"There's a long, long, winding
That never wearies me,
A road I often travel when
Old Friends I wish to see.
That road is called "Sweet Memory,"
So old yet ever new,
And I oft in fancy wonder there
To laugh and talk with you."

THE COMFORTS OF FRIENDSHIP

"Oh, the comforts, the unexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person—having neither to weigh thought nor measure words, but pouring them all right out just as they are, chaff and grain together; as certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keeping, and with the breath of comfort blow the rest away."

TELL NO EVIL

Never tell evil of a man if you do not know it for a certainty, and if you know it for a certainty, then ask yourself: "Why should I tell it." —Lavater.

Life is a sheet of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His line or two,
And then comes night:
Greatly begin, though you have time
But for a line,
Be that sublime,
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

—Wesley.

Let me live in a house by the side
of the road
Where the race of men go by;
They are good, they are bad, they are
weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish—and so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's
seat
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in a house by the side
of the road
And be a friend of man.

—Foss

The Poem of Poems

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
Life's a short summer—man a flower
By turn we catch the vital breath and die,
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh.
To be is better far than not to be,
All man's life me seems a tragedy,
For light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb
The bottom is but shallow whence they come
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall
Nature to each allots his proper sphere;
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care
Custom does often reason overrule
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool
Live well; how long or short, permit to heaven;
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven.
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see it's face,
Vile intercourse where vitue has not place
Then keep each passion down, however dear,
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasure by,
With craft and skill to ruin and betray.
Soar not too high to fall; but stoop to rise,
We masters grow of all that we despise
O then renounce that impious self-esteem!
Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream
Nor think ambition wise because 'tis brave;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat.
Only destructive to the brave and great.
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
The way to buss lies not on beds of down
How long we live, not years, but actions tell,
That man lives twice, who lives his first life well
Make, then, while yet you may, your God my friend;
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
The trust that's given, guard, and to yourself be just;
And live we how we can, yet die we must.

COMPOSED BY TAKING ONE LINE FROM THE WORKS OF 38 DIFFERENT ENGLISH POETS.

things go
better with
Coke
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